

THE ART-JOURNAL.



LONDON, APRIL 1, 1867.

THE
GATHERING OF THE NATIONS.

Our words meet the reader's eye, the fourth of those great modern Olympiads, originated by English enterprise, opens in the fair city of Paris. It is a boast which History will allow and consecrate, that it was from ourselves they had their rise; and, assuredly, no thought more worthy of a Prince ever took shape in action than that fruitful and far-reaching one which the Consort of the Queen of England conducted to its first success, and bequeathed to the leading Nations of the World. The annals of antiquity have let go much that men once thought would be preserved for ever; thrones are nameless to-day that overshadowed the earth, and dynasties are forgotten which carved their conquests deep on brass and marble:—but tradition still perpetuates the name of Iphitus, King of Elis, who established those national assemblies of the old civilisation to which we have compared our new ones. Posterity will recall in the same way, and for even better reasons, the English Prince and the French Emperor, whose enlightened minds have now so firmly founded these brilliant gatherings of modern time. The hundred battles of the Greek peoples have not hidden with all their dust and blood the happier memory of the celebrations on the myrtle-clad banks of Alpheus; when there was peace throughout all the land for thirty sacred days, and, laying aside the lust of gain and power, men came from all parts of the world where Greek was spoken, to join in or to watch the contest for that one simple Crown of wild olive, which was a prouder thing for the state-champion to bring back home than any trophy of foreign victory. But then it grew in the grove of Altis, near the altars of Aphrodite and the Hours; and a beautiful boy, led forward by his mother and father, themselves chosen for grace and comeliness, cut it with a sickle of gold, and wove it with a consecrated thread, to crown the honoured victor before all Greece! History, we say, remembers these things better than her battles and empires; and still more surely will she recall in wonderful future days, hardly dreamed of at present by the boldest, that princely idea which, for the first time, summoned together not the states of one Nation merely, but the Nations of all the world, and made a living hope—a realised beginning—of the Federation of mankind—so far fairer a prize than the olive-crown. That Federation, though but a hope to-day, comes

ever nearer and nearer, as increasing multitudes of awakening hearts catch the great aspiration of it; it is even discerned already, like the first pale gold of the dawn, by a few great souls who stand highest among us; and, finally, it will be realised, and rise clear and radiant, and make true at last that verse of scripture which was inscribed over the archway of the first of all these International Gatherings: "*The earth is the Lord's, and the fulness thereof!*"

This is not the thought, doubtless, which fills the minds of the thousands of gay and pleasure-seeking strangers flocking to the "World's Fair" at Paris! But events are always greater than those who assist in them, and there is not a light-hearted holiday maker in the vast crowd who does not, perforce, help the work forward of obliterating the differences of mankind, and binding them together in the soft, natural chain of common necessities and interests. Think only of that concourse of visitors which will come to Paris during the show from all parts of the earth; and of what the effect must be of these many rivers of travel with their one single embouchure at the gates of the Palace of Art and Manufacture. We are getting used to the spectacle as we see it variously repeated, but none of us can measure yet the real results or influences, since they are, in each instance, next to infinite. A show like this not only attracts to it millions of ordinary sight-seers from neighbouring capitals, making London during one year and Paris in another the rendezvous of Europe; but like a mighty magnet it draws the curious, the intelligent, the enterprising, the restless, the rich, the thoughtful, from distant countries, and the talk of each of these visitors when they return to their tropical, frozen, desert, or even barbarous homes, is a fountain of new facts among their own people, spreading much knowledge and the desire for more. Nothing like these brilliant bazaars of humanity have ever been invented for bringing diverse races together. Dr. Johnson's "OBSERVATION," if she had been a Victorian goddess, need not have been ponderously invited, in verse, to an "extended view" for her "survey of mankind." A season ticket at the Paris Exposition would have disclosed us all at once to her, "from China to Peru!" Yet this congregation of tongues and men from the multitudinous family of man, rich as it is in results, and bizarre in spectacle, is not by any means the most fruitful fact of the immense and continuous assemblage which will be witnessed. The most wonderful and fruitful part lies in something which we know of without being able to denote;—the convention, namely, amid this museum of all the wealth and all the ingenuity of the earth—its boundless products and countless industries—of those watchful minds, who, in Science, in Art, in Manufacture, in Trade, in all the world's complex toil, think for us, invent for us, discover for us, and pioneer the grand march of man on its hundred roads. They will be there—though you could not pick them out one by one—the Thinkers! the quick, strong heads that catch a new invention at a glance; the skilled fingers that instinctively twitch with delight at sight of a fresh method; the clear eyes that store the capacious brains with projects and improvements at every corner, to the value of which the jewels and the pretty fineries of the show are mere playthings. And the circuit which each of these Captains of Industry makes in the great show is, if we could follow his impressions as they are formed, itself an event in the history of humanity. While

you listened to the great organs, or laughed at the Japanese, Calmucks, or Aztecs, or partook of a *potage à l'Exposition*, that quiet man yonder from England, Belgium, or America, has seen how two motions in a machine ought forthwith to be blended into one, and another link has fallen off, in that instant, from the slave-chain of mechanical labour. There are the men of pure science, too, who bring vast knowledge with them to the various show, and take back new conclusions by which the world will, by-and-by, be enlightened. There are the masters of capital, who perceive, and will, by-and-by, open new channels for the golden rivers whose course they direct. There are, by tens of thousands, the hard-handed sons of labour, gazing on the splendid total of their own toil and that of their fellows throughout the world, and going back home, if they are wise, rejoicing that they are bees, and not drones, in this great hive of God. Proud they may well be—though their share of the honey is perhaps slender now—of their broad badge of work. It links them, humble as they are, with the "*Demiourgos*," as those Greeks of the old Olympiads called him—the ARCH-WORKER—who will not really rest till the Sabbath of Peace and Love at last succeeds these seventy times seven days of labour here. And in the crowd, too, if we but knew how to find them, are those whose task it is to beautify life from its lowest to its highest functions and needs; the craftsmen of Art, from busy stuff-printers—noting and appropriating some richer taste in design, some dazzling new dye, or bolder fancy of the loom—to the highest servants of the Beautiful. These may learn anew how wide and manifold the forms of beauty can be as they review the World's artistic wealth, and glean each some lovely secret for himself, from the experience and the achievements of their brothers, to enhance their next effort, and, to pass a nobler opulence of fancy or material down to those who inherit the earth after us. Here are the visitors at the World's Shows who should be reckoned first, if we could only count them; for the rest go to see and be seen, thereby rendering nevertheless, as we have said, no little unconscious help towards undoing the evil work of Babel. But these thinkers and workers go to note, to compare, to exchange ideas, to emulate each other; and the immense merit of such international shows is that they do expose before the fruitful intellect of such unknown observers the whole work of the great world at the point where it stands to-day.

Doubtless there is keen rivalry in our expositions of Nation against Nation; and an earnest desire to carry off the meed of profit and praise; but what a just and blessed contest of mankind this is! It was for this, and only for this sort of war, that Providence set boundaries between nations, and gave them their thousand differences of climate and produce. We were not made to wrangle for frontiers, nor to satiate the ambition of kings and diplomats with our blood; we were created or developed into various races and capacities, that no part of God's wonderful gift to us—the earth—should lack its fitting workers in His vineyard, and that the interchange of necessary commodities should slowly but surely make man known and dear to man, and so undo the spell that has broken us up into enemies or strangers. It is something to live in a day when the truth of this great belief even begins to be perceived, even begins to echo faintly in men's hearts, again, like the whisper coming back of the angels' song at Bethlehem. The song is coming back! These great modern Olympiads of Art

and Commerce point, with other popular movements, one way—to the breaking down of barriers, that is to say, between the peoples of the earth, and the free and perfect mutual passage throughout it of men, ideas, institutions, and productions. Those Olympics of the Greek peoples compared to hopes like these were, after all, but festivals on a village green; yet they filled the world with envy, inspired the alcaics of Pindar, and made states famous merely by the name of a foot-racer or a fighter. Our modern contests of Invention with Invention, of Art with Art, of Manufacture against Manufacture, have not found their Pindar yet perhaps, but they are as much nobler than the gatherings which kept quarrelsome Greece one country, as the Mississippi is grander than the little Elian Alpheus. This rivalry of Arts and Manufactures is one where Peace herself can give the laurel-garlands with unstained hands; the blood it sheds is from grape and olive—the red wine and the rich oil; the weapons it employs are the sickle, the axe, and the ploughshare; the territory it conquers is that vast and opulent region of Nature, which was made for man, and which joyously throws open the golden gates of secret after secret, as he advances into his heritage. In such a war there is no "we victis" to be uttered; for the defeated are not discomfited. To be beaten in skill or science, in method or device, is for the vanquished to gain by so much as their rival has advanced beyond them; for the victory over them is to their benefit eventually, as well as to that of others. How then can we be so foolish as to drench the earth with each other's blood, when a campaign like this invites the ardour of all? Our proper enemies are the forces of Nature in rebellion or unuse: the storm, the lightning, the earthquake, the volcano, the pestilence, the exploding mine, the cyclone, the inundation, the famine, the murrain, the drought. Against these we ought to fight, with Science for our leader; and they can tax all our passion for strife, all our readiness to die, all our skill to endure, all our courage to execute. As path after path is opened across the earth, and line after line of the modern subtle electric messenger-wires span it, we shall know better how to comprehend and master the grander forces of Nature, as we have tamed the minor ones. Splendid mutual results must come with each period of peace, and wars at last, if they occur, will not be long endured. There is a noble thought in the old philosophical books, which these anticipations suggest. It is said, there, not only that all the stars of the firmament have a sound peculiar to their own motion and atmosphere, for ever throbbing a divine note out along the orbit of each world, to those who can hear it; but that all the notes of all the stars together blend, for each visible system, into one majestic diapason of untold, unspeakable, consummate harmony, and that that harmony is "the name of God." Perhaps in the far time, when each region of the earth and each race fulfils its perfect relation to all others, there will be some such sudden and unexpected harmony of human life, some abrupt and glorious revelation of God's will in man; when, like citizens of one country,—nay, let us say like children of one household,—the nations shall be at peace together, and war, brutal and bloody, will have faded out of belief. Then the Law of Love will not be "a new Law," but one old, habitual, and perfectly observed, because perceived to be the good of all; and the fear of death, with the curses of disease, and pain, and crime, will have departed before a radiant and reliant anticipation of God's purposes, and

that resistless and divine spirit of brotherhood and concord, which is so visionary now.

Nor here, at least, ought we to leave out the part which Art has to play in this far-off but destined consummation. GOETHE said that "the beautiful was better than the good," because it is the good embodied. What is good for its end—be it the water-pitcher of an Arab girl, or the graceful and lithe form of the girl herself as she bears it to the fountain—is beautiful so far as it perfectly subserves, in one case the humble office of drawing water, in the other the functions of human life. If we knew all that secretly makes the Antinous or the Anadyomene divine, we should find it to be in the picture of an absolute adaptation of the body to the soul, and that this beauty, either in the actual life or in the marble its copy, was never born except from perfect fitness and goodness. This is the very highest lesson of Art in all its branches—that the befitting and the beautiful are one. What a field should open to artists for new thoughts on this subject in such a scene as the Great World's Treasure-House at Paris. Wandering as they may and will from zone to zone of the world, from nation to nation, observing the master-thought of colour, of form, of fashion, with each country and race, and that inextinguishable instinct of Art which even the rudest tribes show in their dyed calabashes and carved pipe-bowls—in the reindeer scratched from a bone by the Esquimaux—in the button ground from a pearl-shell by the Otaheitan,—observing these things and the more perfect works of civilised people, what ought not artists to learn? Surely foremost of all this one lesson, that Art, as it sprang from the rudest beginnings, must never blush at its origin, but ever and ever and ever descend from its heights to make the humblest things of life perfect and good. Art should hold it grander to bestow some common but beautiful thing on the million cottages of a land, than to set a priceless tazza in a royal gallery, or to enrich gold tenfold beyond its metallic value by exquisite designs and cunning touches of the graver.

But the vast horizon of the subject tempts us too far; nor must we forget that wars have not ceased yet because these shows are now periodically established. And while the illogical family of man brings together its million samples of peaceful work, it brings among them the horrid engines of battle by sea and land, and inventions where Science has lavished all her resources to batter into a floating shambles the ship of war; or to rend the souls and bodies of soldiers asunder with terrible missiles. In Paris itself the talk is of armies to be enlarged beyond the dimensions which have too long burdened peace and drained away the manhood of the land. The echo of the last terrible war, too, does not seem to die away, before there grows up again, and gathers into a fresh terrible *rimbombo*, the thunder of artillery-trains, and the measured tramp of men. But that this miserable system of fear and slaughter can hang for many centuries longer upon the neck of industry is incredible, when even princes learn to encourage international gatherings, and the eloquent plea of peace is heard and heard again at such spectacles.

Honour then, we say again, to the Imperial Ruler, who amid the cares of his position recurs, in this enterprise, to his old proclamation, "*L'Empire c'est la Paix!*" and has given an earnest effort to make this present Festival of Industry worthy

of its time and purpose. We wish it a complete and magnificent success, for London grudges nothing herein to her beautiful rival Paris. May the time rather be hastened, as such noble rivalries command us to hope, when the Nations shall assemble at their new Olympics of Nature, Labour, and Art, out of sound of the wrangling of diplomacies, and with no deadly and cruel engines of bloodshed to deface the Exposition, except it be, perhaps, in penitential memorial of an epoch of sin and folly, and in a glad mutual commemoration of escape from it.

EDWIN ARNOLD.

PRIZES TO ART-WORKMEN.

THE SOCIETY OF ARTS.

THE general character of the works sent in, in January last, to the Society of Arts, in competition for the prizes offered by the Society for the best productions of "Art-workmen," chiefly after prescribed designs, is as satisfactory as might be expected from so very small a group of competitors. Perhaps, on the whole, this collection may be said to be somewhat superior to that of last year, and particularly in the specimens of hammered work in iron; but there were in it no decided evidences of that steady and sustained advance, which the Society of Arts might fairly have expected to find in works brought before its notice as the prize-productions of "Art-workmen." The entire collection consisted of one hundred and nine works, exhibited by seventy-seven competitors; and these one hundred and nine works comprised examples of carving in marble, stone, and wood; modelling in plaster; carving and gilding; *repoussé* work in metal; hammered work in brass and iron; carving in ivory; chasing and engraving on metal; enamel painting on copper, painting on porcelain, and decorative painting; wall mosaics; illumination; die-sinking; glass-blowing; bookbinding; with various decorative designs. Fourteen of the works that were "highly commended" were "ineligible for prizes," and thus the actual competition did not extend beyond ninety-five works, to which forty-seven prizes, varying in amount from £2 to £10, were awarded.

The three prizes of £10 each were awarded to W. Letheren, of Cheltenham, for a panel for a screen in hammered iron; to G. Page, of Clerkenwell, for *repoussé* work in iron, executed after the Martelli bronze mirror-case at South Kensington; and to J. H. Wyatt, of Dean Street, for a glass frame, designed by W. M. Holmes, and executed in part by the designer, and in part by several other persons.

We should be truly glad to see this exhibition assuming a character of infinitely greater importance, representing the real capacity of English industrial Art, and demonstrating both the vigorous vitality of that important phase of Art and its progressive development. The little gathering we are noticing was a pleasing affair enough on a very small scale; but it would be difficult indeed to draw from it any inference, beyond the fact that, as a body, the "Art-workmen" of England must be altogether indifferent to the prizes offered by the Society of Arts. This is not a becoming condition of things; and, surely, the Society of Arts must be of the same opinion with ourselves on this matter. The Society of Arts, in this case, as we trust, either will give no prizes in future, or will secure for its prizes a different reputation.

The Society of Arts is in no degree to blame that the result is not satisfactory. It has laboured hard and earnestly, in this and in many other ways, to stimulate Art-workmen, placing important resources at their command, and holding out inducements liberal and encouraging: so also have some of the great civic corporations, and individual manufacturers and others. Great opportunities are now placed at the command of working men.

SCULPTORS' QUARRIES.

BY PROFESSOR D. T. ANSTED, F.R.S.

3.—CARRARA MARBLE.

Of all materials used by the sculptor, marble is the most manageable, the most beautiful, and the most valuable. Of all kinds of marble that of Carrara has for more than two thousand years been the most valued for its exquisite colour, its texture, its grain, and the magnitude of the blocks obtainable in a sufficiently perfect state. The quarries of Carrara are thus among the most interesting and important in the world.

This was not always the case, nor has the supremacy of Carrara marble remained always unquestioned. What Carrara boasts as its greatest excellence, namely, the perfect and dead whiteness and uniformity of the largest blocks, has had to compete in public estimation with the equally perfect, and perhaps more beautiful, texture and transparent clearness of Parian marble. The fine Greek varieties are of a warm tint, passing into yellow; the Carrara of best quality is quite white. But the Carrara marbles of the finest kind possess qualities which have gradually thrown all rival material out of the market.

The great quarries of Carrara are situated on the Mediterranean slope of the Apennines, a little to the south of, but not very far from Spezia. Few mountain views are finer and grander than the view of the Carrara range. The mountains are lofty, well shaped, well proportioned, peculiar in form, and therefore very easily recognised. Their warm grey tint is seen from a great distance, and is almost as characteristic as the jagged outline of the peak. Among the narrow valleys crowded together on the flanks of these Apennines is situated the city of Carrara, and not far off is Massa, a station on the line of railway between Spezia and Pisa. The quarries are thus within easy railway communication from Pisa and Leghorn. There is also a small shipping place close by.

A visit to the Carrara quarries is not difficult, nor does it take the traveller much out of his way, if, after entering Italy from Genoa, he wishes to proceed from Spezia by rail. He has only to stop at Massa, and there hire a small country carriage which will soon take him to his destination. The town of Carrara has its attractions, and ought not to be passed by without an hour's exploration. Here are well seen the various productions of the quarries, and here also may be studied the result of material on the cultivation of Art. Every other house in the town is inhabited by a sculptor. Everybody deals in marble. The inn-keepers are sculptors; even the waiters are not altogether free from the passion. Art reigns supreme, but it is popular Art, not classical Art. Better by many degrees, and in better taste, than much sculptor's work that bears a respectable name elsewhere, but very rarely, as may be supposed, showing anything like real excellence. Not only is every house a museum and a studio, but every person one meets has the appearance of an Art-student. The German, the French, and the Italian are recognisable in their most characteristic costumes. The English and Americans are not absent, but are much fewer. The works to be seen in the town are singularly good in point of finish, and are for the most part copies. The traveller, however, must not expect to find large specimens of the best qualities of marble, for these rarely

or never stop here. The ordinary qualities and small fragments of good marble adapted for the kind of work most popular, are those that will chiefly be noticed. The whole town, however, is built of commoner material of the same nature, and the *Accademia dei belle Arti*, and other public buildings, afford good examples of the commoner marbles and their uses.

From Carrara there is a road up the torrent of Torana to the quarries, but it is bad and not traversable by vehicles of the ordinary kind. The quarries are about half-way up the slope of the mountain, and are very numerous. Most of them, however, are exhausted, or rather they no longer yield marketable products. There are several hundreds of old excavations that have opened numerous veins, some only of the finer kinds, others of less perfectly crystallised stone.

There are four recognised varieties quarried. The first and finest is the white granulated kind. When in its most perfect state, it is perfectly uniform in crystallisation, quite free from blue veins, without white streaks, of uniform hardness throughout, of a peculiar and delicate tone, and having almost a creamy tint, combined with the transparency of virgin wax, unapproached in any known marble. Blocks of this kind, containing upwards of two cubic yards of stone, are very rare. When much larger than this, they have a value which becomes almost fabulous. Many of the great sculptors of Rome are here represented by local agents, who lay hands on every such piece as soon as its value is ascertained. The marble dealers of Rome also have their agents, and thus every fine block is bought up immediately, either for some special purpose, or on speculation.

These first-class specimens of marble are not found every day. They are the most perfect nuclei of crystallisation in masses, better and more perfectly crystallised than are common elsewhere. These are difficult to find, and difficult to extract without injury when found.

The second quality of Carrara marble consists of blocks that are of a similar general nature to the first, and hardly distinguishable geologically. They are, however, veined. According as the veins are of a fainter or more decided colour, less or more abundant, and interfere less or more with the general character of the stone, the resulting marble is better or worse, and therefore more or less saleable at a high price. Good stones of small size may often be obtained from these second qualities, but larger blocks cannot be depended on.

The third quality is *Ravacioni*—also called Sicilian marble. It is a variegated kind, well adapted for ornamental purposes, but not fit for statuary. For church work and house decoration it is greatly admired, and there is a large demand for blocks of fair size and even texture.

The fourth of the Carrara marbles is *Cardiglio*, a deep blue stone of considerable beauty, but also better adapted for decorative purposes than for sculpture.

Of the three or four hundred recognised quarries, all within an area of a few square miles, there are generally not more than about twelve open at one time for working statuary marble, and about three times as many for commoner qualities. The work is conducted in the rudest manner, large blocks being first loosened by blasting, and then removed from the rock by means of wedges. The ordinary marbles are cut into oblong squares in the quarry, but the statuary blocks are left in the rough. The removal of the blocks is carried on in the

most primitive fashion. Wherever it is possible they are tumbled over the mountain side to the lowest point that can thus be reached. Ropes are sometimes used to keep them back and prevent accidents. When at the bottom they are placed on trucks of the rudest description, and dragged along to the coast by oxen over ground so rough that it would seem almost impossible to advance in any way. As many as ten yoke of oxen are sometimes seen pulling at a single block. By far the largest part of the produce is shipped immediately, the best going to Rome direct, and being kept there often for years if not wanted at the moment.

White statuary marble is a peculiar saccharoidal crystallisation of carbonate of lime. Parian marble is the same. Pentelie marble can hardly be described in other words. There is a difference, but so subtle is the difference, so delicate the distinction, that the chemist can hardly determine its nature. Perhaps a little more or less water of composition, a little longer or shorter time occupied in the act of crystallisation, the presence of a minute and almost inappreciable quantity of some metallic oxide (generally iron or manganese), may be described as the chief causes that can be detected by the chemist of results which, in a practical sense, are of such vital importance. All, without exception, of the varieties of marble were originally limestones; all have been metamorphosed by some chemical processes carried on in the great laboratory of nature. Heat, moderate and continued, quite insufficient to produce fusion, and not even enough to produce decomposition under the pressure of overlying rock; water, at first in its fluid state, but chiefly as vapour; and certain gases derived from volcanic action going on below—these are all real and perhaps equally efficient causes of the changes that have taken place. These, acting during a long period of time, have collected the carbonate of lime into veins, the other materials originally deposited at the same time being left in the intervals between the veins. Owing to peculiar local action in one place, these veins will be filled with perfect crystals of transparent Iceland spar. In another place the crystals are opaque, consisting of calc spar, or of other less common but well-known crystalline forms; or, much more rarely, there are crystals or masses of arragonite. In these cases the crystals have generally commenced to form on the walls of crevices, and have advanced to meet each other towards or at the centre of the fissure. In another place, however, the vein structure will be less clear, the bedding of the original limestone more evident, and the metamorphic action is seen in the entire conversion of the bedded limestone into perfectly compact masses, such as the black marbles of Derbyshire, or the brilliant coral limestones of Devonshire, where the spongy and cellular corals are all preserved in their structure, though the mass has become uniformly hard and thoroughly compact. The veins in the greatly disturbed and elevated limestone masses now forming the Carrara mountains, but once the bed of an ocean, afford a rare and exceptional intermediate state. It is, indeed, a state not so entirely rare on a small scale as might be thought, but on a sufficiently large scale it is almost unexampled, and as no two masses of limestone can exhibit this intermediate state to precisely the same extent, the work never having proceeded at the same rate and stopped at the same point in any two cases, so there can be no absolute identity between the

results. This is the reason why, in the quarries themselves, there is so little certainty of the quality of the vein continuing; why sometimes only a few blocks can be found of the best sorts; why every separate block has to be carefully examined, and why, when a perfect block is found, its value is so great. In quarries of ordinary stone, this continual change of value is well known to occur on a small scale, but in them the metamorphosis is more equal and less considerable, and the result less important. In veins, on the other hand, which are filled with crystals perfectly formed, the results are almost exactly the same. A dozen specimens of Iceland spar will differ but little one from another, except in small flaws. But in the intermediate state of marble it is quite different. The mineral composition is not strictly limited, and thus all marbles must be speculative and variable, because each represents one particular stage of alteration in a group of materials, admitting of infinite steps in progress of formation, and of infinite change in the proportion of the ingredients.

We must not, however, forget that Italy and Greece, the countries of fine marbles, are also remarkable for their extensive and recent indications of volcanic action. In Italy these extend throughout the country, and though near Carrara there is no volcanic rock, there are emanations marking the presence of subterranean heat and chemical action not far off in every direction. Elsewhere, as in England, where there are imperfectly formed marbles highly coloured and closely veined, the subterranean action is less evident, less near, and less positive. Thus we may conclude that Italy and Greece owe their exquisite material for the sculptor's art to the causes which not unfrequently shake the earth, destroy towns, and terminate in eruptions that deal terror and confusion to the whole population of the country. Nature has given the marble as she has given so many other admirable and beautiful gifts, as some indemnification for the evils of the earthquake and the destruction caused by the volcano.

ART IN CONTINENTAL STATES.

PARIS.—The Pompeian house built for Prince Napoleon in the Avenue Montaigne, has passed into the hands of M. Arsène Houssaye, the well-known author and editor of the *Artiste*, who is now engaged in preparing an exhibition of historical portraits. It is said that the project has been well received, and that the collection is likely to be a highly interesting one, including many fine and curious works, especially of the revolutionary period.—The sale of the collection of pictures belonging to M. Guillard, a well-known amateur, took place last month at the Hôtel Drouot: the whole realised about £8,000. They included examples of Diaz, Jules Dupré, Fichel, Rousseau, A. de Dreux, Roqueplan, Ziem, Troyen, Décamp. The most important pictures were—'View of Damanbour on the Nile,' Ziem, £158; 'Landscape,' T. Rousseau, £221; 'The Road to Market,' Troyen, £280. The works by Décamp were numerous, and included 'Gravel Pit at Fontainebleau,' £104; 'A Washerwoman,' £102; 'Prayer in Church,' £112; 'Court of an old Château,' £120; 'Albanian Soldiers at the Door of a Prison,' £152; 'Post Horses in a Stable,' £200; 'Garden of a Turkish Mosque,' £220; 'The Catalans, near Marseilles,' £204; 'Street in the Environs of Paris,' £225; 'Greek Pirates,' £264; 'A Turkish Café,' £284; 'Italian Peasants at a Table,' £668; 'Beach near Dieppe,' £776; 'Eastern Landscape,' £800; 'Street of an Italian Village,' £1,000.

CORRESPONDENCE.

To the Editor of the "ART-JOURNAL."

THE ENGLISH DOLLAR FOR HONG KONG, 1866.

ENGRAVED BY LEONARD CHARLES WYON, OF HER MAJESTY'S MINT.

SIR,—The issuing of this dollar, by our Mint, for Hong Kong, reminds the numismatist of our great Queen Elizabeth, "of famous memory," who, towards the conclusion of her reign, "granted" a charter to certain merchants to trade with the East; and when, on inquiry, being informed that the required medium for mercantile transactions was the Spanish dollar, "ordered" an English coinage to be struck (A.D. 1600) of equivalent value, representing the dollar, the half, the quarter, and the eighth, having on them her name, titles, and the arms of England, between the crowned letters "E," "R," on one side; with a crowned portcullis, inscribed, "Posui," &c., as on her English coinage, on the reverse side. Specimens of this coinage are of course met with in collections. (The four coins cost me £10 17s., showing that they are not common, nor very dear.) And now, after an interval of more than two hundred and sixty years, Queen Victoria, to meet mercantile requirements, issues also an Eastern coinage for a dependency of hers, which but very recently was a part of the celestial empire of China.

This splendid production of her Majesty's Mint is the same in size as our coin, the crown, say 1½ inch in breadth, but thinner, and presents to us, on the obverse, her Majesty's bust, wearing a jewelled tiara, fastened by a floating ribbon, the hair waving across the ear and gathered behind in a knot. Protected by a raised edge, the relief is low—that severe trial of an artist's ability, when effect is required without the aid of shadow. Its severe simplicity, dignity, and life-like reality, combine to produce a very striking and pleasing impression. The resemblance to her Majesty, as we have the happiness to see her at this present time, is admirably and truly produced; and the more we study and scrutinise, the more we are surprised how it has been effected. The relief, as we have noticed, is very low: the whole of the countenance is one uniform surface, smooth as silk, soft as the living cheek, without a line to mark an inequality of feature, and yet exhibiting, with consummate ability and delicacy, the matron mother of her family and of her empire. The facial line is very beautiful; the mouth and eye have the vivid expression of life, the former giving utterance to what the latter has observed. Altogether this portrait is a triumph of numismatic engraving art; and acquainted as we are with the coins of all the mints of Europe, our Mint may safely enjoy the satisfactory assurance that not one of them can show a portrait to compete with this of Queen Victoria on her Hong Kong dollar. The bust is flanked by a running scroll (which used to be called "the Nelson chain"), with two breaks in it; in the upper is "Victoria," and in the under "Queen." The reverse has a similar scroll unbroken, within which is "One Dollar, Hong Kong, 1866," and some Chinese characters, probably also expressing its value.

Looking over the coinages of her Majesty, there is but one, in our opinion, which we would class as a competitor with this. It is the bust on what is called "the Gothic Crown, A.D. 1847," which in its excellency has, I think, no equal in any coinage.

But, while concluding these hasty and imperfect observations, comes (as usual in all mundane matters) a little drawback. This coinage, is not for us, but for Hong Kong. Let us trust that her Majesty's Mint will have a new obverse die engraved for our crown (which is all that would be requisite, the reverse remaining as it is), with the bust of her Majesty equal in excellence to this on the Hong Kong dollar. That on our crown coin of 1839 has continued unaltered, say now twenty-seven years. It was true then. We may, therefore, very reasonably solicit the Mint to give us our sovereign lady Queen Victoria of 1867.

R. S.

SELECTED PICTURES.

FROM THE PICTURE IN THE COLLECTION OF JOHN TYSON, ESQ., WATERLOO, LIVERPOOL.

THE VILLAGE CHOIR.

T. Webster, R.A., Painter. H. Bourne, Engraver.

THIS is a small but most carefully-painted replica of Mr. Webster's larger picture in the Sheepshanks Collection, forming a portion of the National Gallery. The best descriptions we can offer of it are the passages in Washington Irving's "Sketch Book," which suggested the subject.

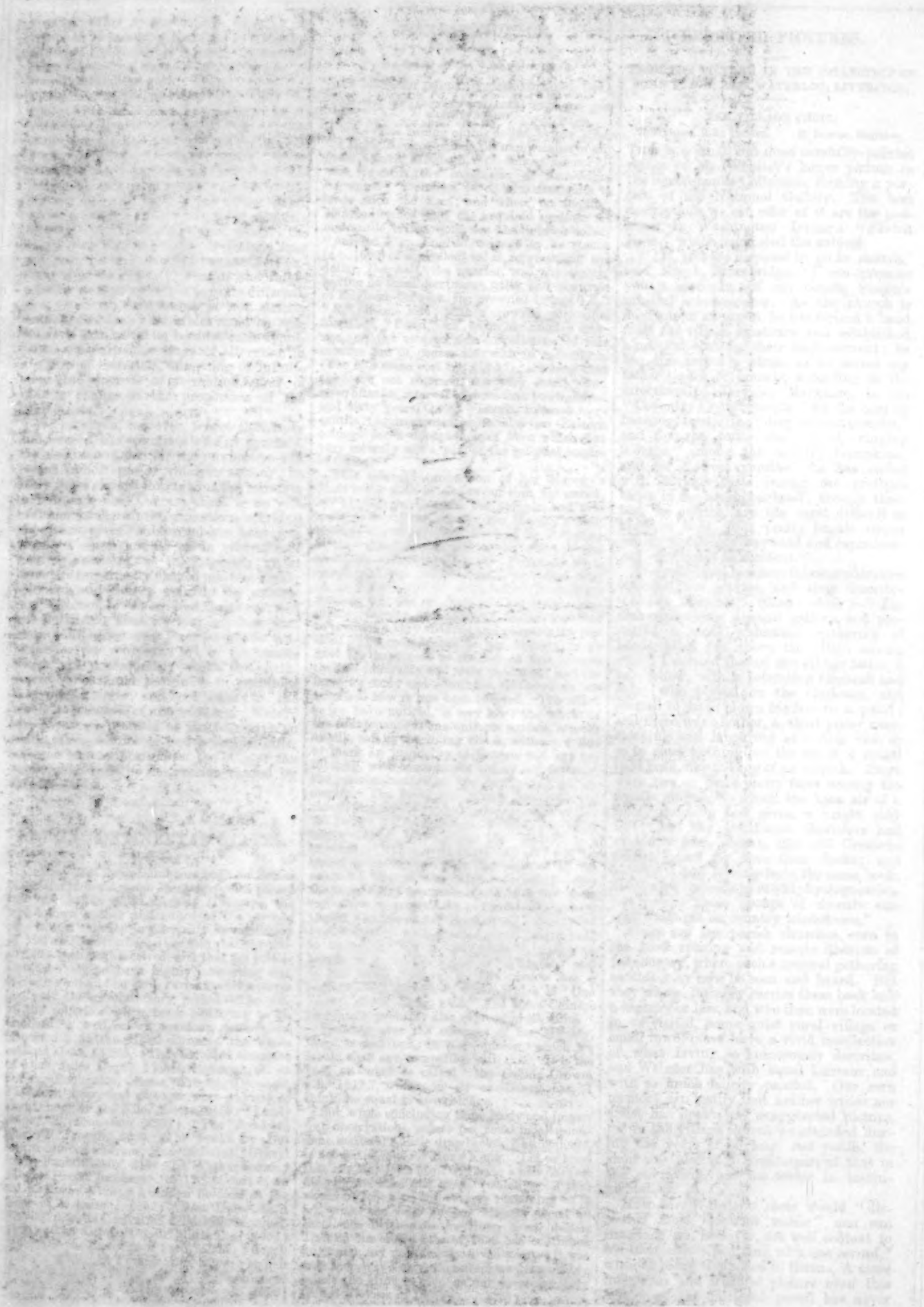
"If you are disposed to go to church," said Frank Bracebridge, "I can promise you a specimen of my cousin Simon's musical achievements. As the church is destitute of an organ, he has formed a band from the village amateurs, and established a musical club for their improvement; he has also sorted a choir, as he sorted my father's pack of hounds, according to the directions of Jervaise Markham, in his "Coventry Contentments," for the bass he has sought out all the "deep, solemn mouths," and for the tenor the "loud, ringing mouths" among the country bumpkins; and for "sweet mouths" he has culled with curious taste among the prettiest lasses in the neighbourhood; though these last, he affirms, are the most difficult to keep in tune, your pretty female singer being exceedingly wayward and capricious, and very liable to accident."

The individual to whom this was addressed attended the service, and thus describes "cousin Simon's" village choir:—"The orchestra was in a small gallery, and presented a most whimsical gathering of heads, piled one above the other, among which I noticed that of the village tailor, a pale fellow, with a retreating forehead and chin, who played on the clarinet, and seemed to have blown his face to a point; and there was another, a short puffy man, stooping and labouring at a bass viol, so as to show nothing but the top of a round bald head, like the egg of an ostrich. There were two or three pretty faces among the female singers, to which the keen air of a frosty morning had given a bright rosy tint; but the gentlemen choristers had evidently been chosen, like old Cremona fiddles, more for tone than looks; and as several had to sing from the same book, there were clusterings of odd physiognomies, not unlike those groups of cherubs one sometimes see on country tombstones."

There are few parish churches, even in the most retiring and remote districts of the country, where such a musical gathering as this may now be seen and heard. But they whose memory carries them back half a century or less, and who then were located in, or visited, some quiet rural village or small town, must have a vivid recollection of what Irving so humorously describes, and Webster has with equal humour and with so much felicity painted. Our own memory can testify that neither writer nor artist has drawn an exaggerated picture, for in the village church we attended during the years of boyhood and youth, the choir was almost a counterpart of that in the engraving, but far richer in instrumentalists.

How Mr. Webster's choir would "discourse most eloquent music" one can imagine; we, however, are well content to see their efforts to "sing with one accord," without being compelled to listen. A more humorous and truthful picture even this master of the mirthful pencil has never produced.

UofM



T. WEBSTER, R.A. PINXT



H. BOURNE, SCULPT

THE VILLAGE CHOIR.

FROM THE PICTURE IN THE COLLECTION OF JOHN TYSON ESQ. WATERLOO. LIVERPOOL.

LONDON. VIRTUE & CO

MEMORIALS OF FLAXMAN.

BY G. F. TENISWOOD.

"Genius, like Egypt's monarchs, timely wise,
Constructs his own memorial ere he dies;
Leaves his best image in his works enshrined,
And makes a mausoleum of mankind."

SIR M. A. SHEE.

PART I.

TIME, that purifies the halo encircling the memory of departed genius, heightens its lustre as the increasing mists of distance

thicken before us. The Good and the True only survive its searching fire, and in the residuum left in its refining crucible are those grains of sterling ore, which, having withstood the ordeal of its furnace, retain for ever after their pristine indestructibility and brightness. Thus, now sublimed of its more earthly elements, and glowing with an almost ethereal radiance, shines the revered name heading this page, a name with which Art—the revelation of nature to humanity, uttered by a power

limity, ideal beauty, purity of sentiment, and tender pathos.

To Flaxman Art was a language—the interpretation of mind by form; and, despite his indifference to the technicalities of execution (for it is not always we find his marbles with a finish worthy of the model), proves to what extent that element of Art, alone and unaided, is capable of becoming the expressive vehicle of thought and emotion. Suggestive by its fulness of meaning, the style characterising his works was so far removed from the beaten track of soulless form and lifeless imitation common to the period wherein he appeared, that, though

"The pencil speaks the tongue of every land,"

the earnest originality which invested his subjects denied them acceptance by a multitude, to whom the setting of the jewel possessed greater attraction than the gem enshrined.

Living at a time when inflated allegory and its fluttering troops of Fames and Victories were vying with each other in fulsome apotheosis and extravagant conceit, no man could have appeared, who, from individual character and artistic power, was more capable of giving the last blow to such a system of trashy manufacture than Flaxman, or to support the re-action then just commencing in favour of single statues as monumental portraits. And though his fertility of inventive design gave him unusual facilities in the execution of works comprising various groupings, some of his single statues, so totally opposed by their aspect of nature to the old allegorical fanfaronade, rank high among a class of subjects since largely practised by Chantrey, but on grounds and of necessity the reverse of those on which Flaxman acted, who, if not possessing that exquisite perception of individual personality enjoyed by the great bust-sculptor, and essentially necessary to successful portraiture, so far surpassed him in power of conception and design as to leave no grounds whereon to institute a comparison between them as poetic inventors. Each walked in his own sphere. How broad and wide the one, ranging over tracks and space till lost in the high abstractions of the ideal, and how narrow and confined the other, is well known to all capable of estimating the two men, their character and work.

Among his brother artists no man enjoyed a higher share of sincere regard. Beloved by Lawrence, the bosom friend of the gentle Stothard, the intimate companion of the mystic Blake, and the admiration of the philosophic Fuseli, his position with those beside whom he worked and walked is more than explained. So thoroughly unselfish was he by nature, and so touchingly alive to the thought of human misery, that the ministrations of silent charity were his frequent office. To the suffering he had ever a word of consolation, for the needy help; to the downcast he brought hope, to the striving encouragement; whilst his power of winning the esteem of all, lay in the sincerity of motive regulating his actions.

The daily increasing appreciation of the depth and power of Flaxman's works,—which, though but coldly received in the day of their production, is now, happily, recognisable in many channels,—and in the desire to further the wider cultivation of a taste for the genius of one whose

"Footprints on the sands of time"

defy in their ineffaceable impress the obliterating action of the ever-changing



John Flaxman. R.A.

akin to the divinity of inspiration—yields not, even in her highest, holiest traditions, any parallel.

Great by the special heritage of providential nature, John Flaxman was endowed with qualities of soul and mind as far above the average level of humanity, as by the splendour of his genius he was destined to exercise on the Art of all future ages an influence more distinctly marked than any visible since the thirteenth century, when the Pisani and Giotto traced their unlearned symbolisms of man's Redemption on the cloistered walls of Orvieto and Assisi.

If, however, during his career, as with others appearing in an age yet unprepared for their reception, contemporary recognition was not, with the exception of a few enlightened instances, extended to him, for true genius there is this unfailing solace,—the onward progress of its influence is synchronous with the advancing footstep of coming years, until, in the ever-widening circle of intellectual growth, are drawn all ranks and classes to its willing homage. A man's works are his truest monument, but as posterity is the surest arbiter of lasting merit, his anticipations of the future must await its unerring verdict.

Claiming then for Flaxman a rank and influence in modern sculpture second not even to Michael Angelo, it is in the full consciousness of the wide disparity of their power and style. Though the impetuous Florentine wielded his superhuman genius in the creation of sublimities that entrancingly appal us by their Titanic grandeur, to the gentler Flaxman was reserved the dedication of those calmer virtues, those rarer agencies of faith and spirit, which, as in Raffaele, by their deeper sympathy with the hidden springs of the joys and sorrows of humanity, bind, by the ever-interpretable language of Art, in closer unison the whole family of man. His works are daily approaching the rank of national treasures, creating an atmosphere of hallowed sanctity throughout the space of their enshrinement; and, with a timely self-anticipation of their growing influence on the future, claim the study of the present. His views of Art were prompted by those higher attributes of its essence, by which the intellect and reason become the subject of appeal rather than the gratification of sense. The term "Flaxmanic" is now synonymous with the highest conceptions of imaginative sub-

currents of popularity and fashion,—is the purport of this series of illustrated papers. It may reasonably be assumed that at the present such a subject can scarcely be without interest, for when, as at this time, sculpture is creating for private possession the costly luxuries of the ideal in marble, and, in enduring bronze, is peopling our cities with public commemorations of the virtues, the wisdom, or the heroism of our great departed, no occasion could appear better adapted for a closer intimacy with works by an artist whose name is so identified with the highest creations in that walk of Art.

The writer's notes are selected from materials he is now collecting for a more comprehensive life of the Fra Angelico of sculpture.* In filling in these outlines, his object is rather to realise a general impression of the man and his genius, than to exhaust by elaboration of detail any special phase of his career or style. The illustrations are selected chiefly from the sculptor's works in alto and bas-relievo, as comprising his finest designs; and also because they admit of more satisfactory reproduction in wood-engraving than those in the "round."

The uncertainty of the timely possession of the subjects for illustration—a difficulty hardly to be avoided in consequence of having to collect them from all parts of the country—precluded that classification of subject desirable in the arrangement of similar matter, and thus necessitating recurrence to points previously treated.

Of the genius of Flaxman, no estimate can be conceived apart from the consideration of his moral individuality. The analysis that separates the man from the artist robs his creations of half their power.

Indeed, no wide or awakening influence can be anticipated from works wherein the man is not self-reflected, or rather, where the work is not the self-originating reflection of his inner being. The poet, and the artist equally so, reproduce to others the essential features of their own respective organisation, and in proportion as the work is genuine in conceptive origin will it be marked by the impress of qualities separat-

tion of personages as the instruments of narration or expression, but especially by the tone of sentiment pervading his conceptions—the self-created media from whence his mental imagery rises into life and being. The calm depth of thought and earnestness of aim, coloured by the purest feeling, bespeak how thoroughly were his Art-creations the immediate reflex of his inmost nature, every relic of his

pencil or chisel being stamped by these qualities as the type of his normal being. Among his characteristics we recognise a sense of powerful individuality, pervading alike his Classic as his Christian subjects, a rich fertility of imaginative invention, and the high qualities of spiritualised refinement. Cast in the mould of ideal grace, his figures, founded on the severe purity of the Antique, and perfected by reference to nature seen through his own poetic organisation, constitute a quality of style visible in the earnestness of devotional feeling clothing his scriptural groups, and present in the charm of elegance breathing around his Classic fancies. That such quality was inherently his own, we have the evidence of

Mr. Leslie, R.A., who, in referring to the character of unique beauty in Flaxman's conceptions, says, "he had an exquisite feeling, entirely his own, for whatever is most graceful in nature."

In person, short and spare, Flaxman was far from strong in bodily frame; his looks bespoke the thoughtfulness and repose of a mind occupied in intellectual pursuit, and with a mingled expression of gentleness and benevolence, his face, while attracting by its intelligence, inspired regard and confidence by an aspect of unaffected simplicity. But in addition to mere feature and expression, his presence possessed an



CUPID AND PSYCHE.

ing the creations of its author from those of any other. Art never realises its influence so thoroughly, or so impresses by its spiritualising spell, as when, undimmed by the falsifying hypocrisy of making to appear as felt that which at best is but feigned, the mental image of its producer shines through the means employed. Of all those whose mind and feeling is mirrored in their works, Flaxman is, probably, the most striking example; and this not only by choice of subject, or selec-



CUPID AND PSYCHE.

influence, which, as with other men of marked individuality, appeared to have the power of drawing to him, as though by some sympathetic agency, all those with whom he came in contact; and this not merely by the indications of power which the man of genius unconsciously impresses us with in the ordinary course of daily life,

* Information in any way relative to Flaxman, either of his works, letters, or personal history, I should most thankfully acknowledge.—G. F. T.

but by an earnestness of manner he manifested in the various relations of friendship or business.

The picture drawn of him by his few remaining contemporaries—alas, how few!—is that of one whose genius will never perish, and whose unaffected simplicity endeared him to all. The maxims of duty and charity he has so touchingly embodied in marble were the guiding mottoes of his daily life, to which high standard he

strove to act; for, though moving and mixing in, and with, the world, necessarily by virtue of the transactions his works involved, it could never be said he was of it. Judging and acting by principles of the most exalted honour, he diffused around him a sense of the calm contentment in which he lived, universally inspiring that respect he yielded to all; drawing around him the love of friends and associates with a warmth of attachment told of in fable,

but rarely realised in life. With a heart untainted by the sordid greed of gain, or the gnawing jealousies of professional rivalry, he lived in the ideal circle his poetic constitution created as the sphere of daily existence. From childhood to the grave his career was a life-long devotion to Art; the forms of beauty first greeting his dawning senses were the last on which his fading vision closed, and the placid serenity in which his spirit passed from its earthly tenement was but the type of the calm in which his days had been so happily, and, for Art, so fruitfully spent.

As in the instance of many whose labours have extended the previously conceived boundary of their respective pursuits, John Flaxman was the immediate descendant of

one to whom the goods of wealth were unknown. His father, associated with sculpture in the capacity of a figure-moulder, was in the habit of visiting various parts of the country for the purposes of his calling, and during a tour of this kind to the north of England in 1755, the future sculptor was born in the city of York, on the 6th of July.* Within six months from that date the Flaxman family had returned to London, where, in New Street, Covent Garden, the father opened a shop for the sale of plaster casts from the Antique, &c. Of feeble frame and constitution from the time of birth, the infancy of the younger Flaxman was a lengthened period of suffering helplessness, and even after arriving at an age when healthy childhood revels in

the sportive activity of its years, we find him sickly and ailing, and incapable of bodily exercise. But throughout this pallor of infancy and arrest of physical development, his brain seems to have acquired that increased susceptibility to external impressions, pointing to a highly-marked mental organisation. In this condition of physical weakness, his mind, ever unusually active, evinced a prematurity of growth far beyond the consolidation of the body, and, turning upon itself for exercise and recreation, it is not surprising that, with no other companions than his books and pencils, he should be attracted to subjects familiar by daily sight and presence, and that his first crude tracings should be of the forms supplied by the figures in his



MONUMENT TO MRS. MORLEY IN GLOUCESTER CATHEDRAL.

father's shop—his nursery and playground. Here he drew, and even produced small models in clay, plaster, and wax from the works around him. But it was not only in the actual shapes there meeting his childish gaze he found interest and employment. To those poets he was yet able to read he turned to satisfy his yearnings for design, and from the legends of

"The blind old man of Scio's rocky isle,"

shaped his first inventions with the pencil, when six years old. In being thus left to his natural love of Art and books, and indulgence of inherent taste—for his health precluded the tasks of school—whatever information he acquired in early life must have been obtained in the most irregular,

desultory manner. His thoughts and pursuits uniformly tending to the development of the artistic instinct, it is easy to understand how the elements of general education were neglected for topics bearing exclusively on the subject of his life's dedication. That the daily sight of his father's stock must have powerfully influenced a child of his susceptibility to surrounding aspects, cannot be doubted, and that the evidence of positive genius marked his early utterances of artistic feeling, is shown by the power and originality of his draw-

* I regret that all my attempts to discover the house in which Flaxman was born have proved unsuccessful, notwithstanding the kind assistance I have received from several local antiquaries. The copy of his baptismal register I possess, beyond which I can obtain no clue to his birth-house.

ings, made previous to any Art-culture or system of study. As in all instances of true genius, its manifestations are irrepressible, and whether the boy Turner strives to spread the hues of his palette to the rainbow of his rising fancy, or the child Flaxman moulds in clay the promptings of a sterner muse, it is that their souls, lit by the spark divine, breathe out in Art-uprisings from the well-spring deep within. The attempts of dawning genius are ever of interest; in the instance of Flaxman especially so, for when it is seen with what they were associated, and what mighty influences they were destined to exercise on the tone of all succeeding Art, it is difficult to estimate them too highly.

For two or three years onward, and while

gradually recovering from the feebleness of body marking his childhood, his love of study increased, together with an aspect of abstractedness not infrequent in the artist character, and pointing to certain conditions of mental constitution. The world inhabited by the poet is of his own creation, peopled with beings familiar to his eye of fancy, moving amid the changeable hues of visionary splendour or Dantesque gloom. This power of detaching itself from the passing and surrounding, can exist only in the ratio of a pre-occupancy of the mind, which, if incapable of turning upon itself, possesses but limited individual resources, beholding nothing but the images impinging on the external retina, and deaf to all music but that vibrating on the external tympanum. And yet, notwithstanding the highly imaginative character of many of Flaxman's works, especially his illustrations to Dante and the classic poets, they are ever chastened by the purest nature, never rioting in the wild extravagance of unbridled phantasy, or the exuberance of conception unchastened by nature. The sensual or sensuous form no part of his nature; with him the human figure was never made the vehicle of licentious motive, or the ostentatious display of academic mastery. As with the Greeks, it was to him the most beautiful form in creation, and, being endowed with reason and intelligence, became the expressive medium of mind and heart.

When about ten years old, an improved condition of health awaited him, and having for years, by ailing sickness and sedentary habit, been excluded from the out-door sports of childhood, he now entered on such enjoyments with an eagerness and zest felt only by those, who, like him, had been debarred similar pleasures. A love of the country, to which he had hitherto been almost a stranger, was, on his restoration to better health, among his chief delights, and may be quoted as a symptom of healthy moral and artistic feeling, since any great disparity between the standard of taste and that of morals appears incompatible in those whose works speak equally to the feelings and the conscience.

From this date onward study becomes his constant occupation, and to such good purpose does he apply the powers of his opening mind and stronger frame, that, when between eleven and twelve years old, he gained the first prize (a silver palette), awarded by the Society for the Encouragement of Arts, &c., for the best model. Success followed his second competition, in his fourteenth year; and in the next year he took his seat on the student benches of the Royal Academy, where, buoyant with the hope of student-days, we for the present leave him.

Our first and second illustrations are readings of that allegory of the Pythagorean philosophy, the time-worn, though ever beautiful, myth of Cupid and Psyche—the marriage or union of Desire and the Soul,—where Love and Intelligence, after the parting of cruel death, meet and again embrace in immortal union. As renderings of a classic fable, noted for the tender beauty of the idea it embodies, these groups of youthful male and female forms are among the most exquisite conceptions his fancy has shaped from the old world legends. The story is too familiar with all to require recital; of the two works it is not difficult to fix their relative date. The first is evidently based on the Antique, its general character of form placing it among his works of the period before he adopted that closer study of nature seen in his nude

figures of a later date. The second group presents the appearance of a subsequent period, the feeling of the figures being less emulative of the antique, and more indicative of study from life. The mute abandonment of joy is beautifully conveyed, while the sentiment of the whole is of the most refined ideal purity. These two designs well illustrate his treatment of the nude; and though the embodiments of a spiritualised abstraction, may be accepted as the type of his undraped figures generally, which is ever as far from possessing the least tendency to a suggestive voluptuousness, as his own pure mind was incapable of dwelling upon a prurient thought. These works were executed in bas-relief, his favourite means of rapidly producing form and effect, and by which, in so many instances, he has poured forth, with the facility of an ever-obedient hand, the glowing imagery of his fancy. He thus describes this form of sculpture:—"The basso-relievo may be considered in effect as a picture without colouring, whose background is light, a little subdued, the figures thereon being chiefly of the middle tint, with touches of strong dark in the depths, and bright light on the higher projections." This same fable, whereof Keats sings—

"O latest-born and loveliest vision far
Of all Olympus' faded hierarchy!"

served him for the subject of two small separate figures, which, later in life, he executed for his friend Samuel Rogers, the poet.

However always sensibly alive to the severe beauty of the Antique, and fascinated by the charm of Classic fable, these predilections were most marked in the earlier part of his career, as shown by the character of his works at that period—his first contribution to the Royal Academy Exhibition, in 1770, being a wax model of 'Neptune.' But his more fully developed sympathies, confirmed by the studies to which his powerful reflectiveness brought the influence of a strongly marked individuality, were subsequently attracted in an exactly opposite direction, as evinced by his earnest cultivation of subjects embodying the principles of Christianity and the beauties of modern virtues. For the respective characteristics of a Juno, an Agamemnon, or a Diomedes, he possessed a far less penetrative sympathetic perception than for the truths of modern belief, the aspirations of faith, or the graces of benevolence. The embodiment of abstract truths, the illustration of principles exhibiting the deeper feelings of humanity, or the expression of the tenderness of domestic life, were with him more heartfelt themes than the fights of Titans, the amours of Jupiter, or the convulsion of a Laocoon.

The difference in principle marking the distinction between ancient and modern Art at once explains his predilection for the latter. An exalted estimate and deep sense of religious influences, instinctively led him to the cultivation of truths and graces which, if not presenting the redundancy of fantastic imagery found in a Pantheistic mythology, are elevated by a sense of principle as much exalted above the fables of Zeus, as the philosophy of a Christian dispensation is beyond that of a Heathen polytheism. True, the sages of Classic days inculcated a belief in the omnipotence of a ruling power, and, that the visible and invisible world were controlled by the agencies at his disposal; but the essentials of modern life and faith contain a much more ennobling range of subject, illustrative of human hope

and human action, than is furnished in all the codes of paganism; and to these, and their exalted teachings, Art, in the hands of Flaxman, became the handmaid and instructress—

"Mute, though eloquent."

In the application of his genius to the religious themes that so frequently engrossed his pencil and chisel (for his drawings are much more numerous than his models, and of which special mention will hereafter be made), he acknowledges to have felt the importance of such subjects, and states his belief of how extensively in all nations the symbolical representations of Divine attributes occupied the attention of painters and sculptors.

In the accompanying illustration of the monument to Mrs. Morley, in Gloucester Cathedral, may be felt the power of Flaxman's genius in subjects wherein a personal interest, exalted aim, and pathos of expression are employed to stimulate the workings of human emotion. This lady, with her newly-born babe, died at sea. Can we not conceive that the sculptor, moved by the grief, seeking at the hand of Art an enduring record of a beloved memory, entered with increased earnestness upon the production of this work, wherein the spirits of the mother and her babe, having just arisen from their watery grave, are met by a group of angels? Untouched by the voice of sorrow, no cold, unheeded skill of hand could have invested the face of the mother's spirit with that radiance of transfiguration, as, floating upwards under the guidance of angelic forms, she and her babe are borne away to regions of celestial light. The sentiment pervading the whole design may be cited as the type of that spirituality of feeling with which Flaxman surrounded his mortuary commemorations; and, while conveying therein the high aspirations of Christian faith, becomes the surest solace of human sorrow. The composition of the design is forcibly illustrative of the *motif*, and combines in harmony and contrast a great variety of line. The principal figure—than which nothing could be more sweetly placid—is eminently Flaxmanesque, and embodies those qualities of purity, grace, and idealised expression marking his best works. The simplicity of its form and line is happily contrasted with the more varied combinations of parts in the surrounding figures, and tends to heighten the expression of self-abashment at the vision of the God-sent messengers. An action at all times difficult to realise, viz., the upward floating of a figure in air, is here strikingly expressed—an effect assisted by the lines employed in the angel on the right running somewhat parallel with those of the mother, who, buoyant by her spirit-like form, yet possesses sufficient personal identity to sustain our sympathy with the subject. The model for this work, and that for the monument to Chatterton, now in St. Mary Redcliffe Church, Bristol, were the first two designs for erections of a memorialistic character exhibited by Flaxman at the Royal Academy; the former appearing in the Academy Catalogue for 1784, the latter having been previously exhibited in 1780. Flaxman executed the first of these before his visit to Italy, an evidence of what little value is foreign study to the manifestations of real genius. The present day affords more than one striking instance wherein an European reputation has been won before its possessor crossed the Channel.

PHOTOGRAPHS OF NATIONAL PORTRAITS

THE late Exhibition at South Kensington obtained in our pages the commendation it so well deserved. We now once more are attracted to these National Portraits by a series of photographs which, in fact, place the exhibition on permanent record. Out of a collection of ten hundred and thirty portraits, nine hundred and sixty-four pictures have been photographed with the consent of the owners. The entire series is issued in ten volumes, half bound in morocco, at the price of £62. Or a purchaser may make a selection at the following rate:—one volume of one hundred portraits for six guineas; a packet of sixteen for one guinea; or a single plate for one shilling and sixpence. The collection can be seen either at the Kensington Museum, or at the office of the Arundel Society, 24, Old Bond Street. The Arundel Society acts, indeed, as the publishing agent of the Department of Science and Art, at a percentage which will cover costs and leave a small margin of profit. This plan has been devised, in part, to overrule an objection raised when the Government, some years since, made and sold photographs to the prejudice of the trade. The Department was able to sell the prints too cheap; and private photographers, not having the advantage of State subsidy, might have been driven out of the market altogether. There seems no reason why the scheme now hit upon should not work well for all parties, including the purchasing public, whose interest ought primarily to be consulted. The professional photographers engaged are Messrs. Cundall, 168, New Bond Street, a name which is in itself a guarantee. The same firm has also just executed and published for "the Architectural Photographic Association" a series of views from French cathedrals. We may add that the treaty between the Department, the Arundel Society, and Messrs. Cundall, takes a still further range. All photographs of drawings, paintings, and sculpture issued under sanction of the Department will be made and sold by the same joint agency. The Department and the Arundel Society severally work for the promotion of Art, and it is conceived that by the ready dissemination of photographs, whether from national portraits, Raphael drawings and cartoons, or objects of decorative Art found in the museums of Europe, Art education in England may be advanced. At all events schools of Art will thus be supplied at a reasonable cost with the best materials for study.

This gallery of portraits photographed and handsomely bound will certainly be of no small value to students of history, archaeology, and Art. Photography is expressly the fittest instrument to use when, as in portraiture, fidelity is needed. And it is perhaps all the more suited to the reproduction of pictures which, for the most part, are prized as likenesses rather than as works of Art. These photographs, indeed, are, as might be expected, more admirable for fidelity than for delicacy. As in photographs from the life, defects are here brought out in a way the reverse of flattering; lines of feature are made blacker, and lights want modulation, so that youth, complexion, and even beauty, are too often lost. This, perhaps, may not be of serious consequence with historic personages whose characters even have grown dim in the vista of remote antiquity. Considering, however, the wretched decay into which ancestral canvases have fallen, the marvel is that these photographs come out so well. There are comparatively few heads indeed in which the actual verisimilitude materially suffers. The photographer has taken care to throw the light and focus on the features, so that, at any rate, the head is safe. The costume, too, for the most part, is sufficiently defined for the archaeologist. In some few instances, however, the pictures have come out so badly, that the photographs have been suppressed. The authorities have wisely determined to issue no print which shall unworthily reproduce the original portrait.

These volumes yield to us, in common with

other students of a gallery now dispersed, supplemental notes, which we here put down in the order suggested by historic sequence. Foremost we come to perhaps the most authentic head in the early apocryphal department, that of Richard II., as it appeared, of course, before the recent cleaning and restoration undertaken at the instance of the Dean of Westminster. Mr. Scharf, at a meeting of the Royal Archaeological Institute, described in detail the clearance of the upper layer of paint by which a comparative modern dauber or restorer had marred, and in fact, disguised, the ancient work. We have examined the picture in its present state, and find the execution of high quality. It were instructive to compare the photograph now before us with the reinstated picture in the Jerusalem Chamber. Another early and choice portrait, that of Edward Grimston, by Petrus Christus, translates, as might be anticipated, with loss of lustre. On the contrary, another master-work—'Sir John Donne and Lady Donne,' probably a veritable picture by Van Eyck or Memling, comes out with the precision of drawing and infinitude of detail which distinguish the early Flemish School. We find that hard, dry, leathery faces suffer least; for example, Richard Fox, Bishop of Winchester, of thin, compressed lips, wrinkled eyes, and hands sinewy and knotty in the joints, is just a subject for the photographic lens. Every one will be glad to recognise once more the three children of Henry VII., by Mabuse; the character, attitude, and carefully modelled features of the original are preserved. The same, too, may be said of that lovely little head of Edward VI., by Holbein, belonging to Christ's Hospital; and another beautiful portrait of the same youthful monarch, in Windsor Castle. The last has the advantage of a light background, always favourable to photography; indeed, it may be questioned whether the use of dark backgrounds has not proved to the prejudice of portrait painting generally. Secondary artists, however, doubtless find in black grounds easy-made force. The Holbeins, whether apocryphal or true, scarcely come out as well as might have been expected from works so precise in drawing and firm in execution. Lady Butta, however, who was perhaps the gem of the series, holds her own. The exhibition had comparatively few pictures of colour, and so the less was to be lost by transfer into light and shade. The fine-toned portrait of Henry Howard, Earl of Surrey, belonging to Countess Delawarr, ascribed falsely to Holbein, indicates through the photograph its Italian lustre. Queen Mary's features, firm even to obstinacy, contracted even to bigotry, do well in the severe hands of a scientific process. Her namesake, Queen of Scots, was a sadly injured character in the Kensington Gallery; and the Queen of Beauty fares scarcely better in these volumes. That delicate and interest-moving portrait of Queen Elizabeth, at the age of sixteen, from St. James's Palace, is a striking example of the uses of photography; the details of head-dress, damasked robe and pearls, are rendered as in a miniature. In other plates the queen looks more unhappy even than on canvas. For the most part, the firmness and force of Sir Antonio More tell to good account, as, for example, in the manly figure of Sir Thomas Gresham. The subtleties of Vandyck are beyond the ken of a lens, or the reach of chemicals. Coming to Lely, we may say that his reputation suffers more even at the hands of photography than of hostile critics. Of Kneller's somewhat rude Art, Dryden retains most of the spirit and freedom of the painter's sketchy hand.

In fine, these photographic replicas, as we have said, are of value to the historian, the archaeologist, and artist. They stereotype facts in costume and forms of feature; they serve as models to the painter, and handbooks to the historian. The series will find its continuation in the forthcoming exhibition. The photographers may possibly be allowed on this, their second trial, to get beforehand with their work. If permitted to take copies of the portraits when accepted, the public might make their selection at the opening instead of at the close of the exhibition.

J. BEAUVINGTON ATKINSON.

OBITUARY.

JEAN DOMINIQUE AUGUSTIN INGRES.

BRIEF mention was made in our last month's publication of the death, on January 14th, of this veteran painter of the French school. Those of our readers who can refer back to the pages of the *Art-Journal*, of about a quarter of a century ago, will find there some record of his history. He was born at Montauban on the 15th of September, 1780-81. The date has not been accurately determined; and one of his more recent biographers, M. Eugène de Mirecourt, says if anyone were indiscreet enough to ask Ingres—"Quel âge avez vous?" il répond invariablement, 'Je l'ignore; j'ai si peu de mémoire!'

The principal study of his boyhood was the violin; his father, a painter of some pretensions, being desirous of bringing up his son to the musical profession, for which he undoubtedly possessed great talent, and attained considerable proficiency on the instrument in question. But the love of painting was far stronger, and, at the age of sixteen, his father yielded to his desires, and permitted him to enter the studio of David, then in the zenith of his fame, and whose reputation had much impressed his youthful imagination. M. de Mirecourt says he received his first artistic impulse from seeing at Toulouse a fine picture by Raffaele, which had been taken there by M. Rogues, a clever professor of painting.

In David's studio Ingres remained about four years; not, however, because he was attracted to it by enthusiastic admiration of his instructor, whose coldly classic style was but little suited to the warm impulses of the pupil's mind. He not only withdrew whatever homage he had once paid to the friend of Robespierre and the painter of the 'Rape of the Sabines,' but he did not hesitate to express publicly his opinion upon an artist who appears to have adopted the character of Greek sculpture for his pictorial models. Ingres made proselytes in the studio of his master, and succeeded in forming a school within a school, one opposed to the other. In 1800 he obtained from the Academy the second grand prize, and in the following year the first great prize in competition for a picture, the subject of which was 'The Arrival at the Tent of Achilles of the Ambassadors sent by Agamemnon to appease the wrath of Achilles.' The picture is now in the *Ecole des Beaux Arts*. The recipient of this prize, which is known as *Le Grand Prix de Rome*, is entitled to repair to that city for study; but the French school in Rome had been closed since 1793, and the young victor in the arena of Art was compelled to remain in Paris, much to his vexation, for Raffaele and the great painters of Italy had now become objects of his admiration, as Paris and David had been before. To compensate him, in some degree, for his disappointment, a pension of one thousand francs was granted him.

One of the first commissions given to Ingres was that for a portrait, painted and exhibited in 1802, of the First Consul, Bonaparte, for the Corps Législatif, and about the same time he produced his 'Bonaparte Passing the Bridge of Kehl.' The latter drew upon it some severe criticisms, the burden of which was that the composition appeared more like a reading of Ossian than one inspired by the bulletin of a victorious French general.

In 1806 Rome was again open to foreigners, and the French school was once more in operation. Ingres's long-cherished desire

to study in the great city of ancient Art was now carried out. He took up his abode there for many years, and, in 1813, married a French lady residing in Rome.

In 1820 Ingres went from Rome to Florence, where he remained four years. He painted there two large pictures, 'The Entry of Charles V. into Paris,' and 'The Vow of Louis XIII.' These works are now in the principal church of his native town, Montauban. The latter of the two was a commission from the French Government: the artist accompanied it to Paris in 1824, and took up his residence there.

Ingres's works had never attained a high degree of popularity in his own country; and when he returned to Paris he found that the public taste had undergone a complete revolution. David's manner, which Ingres, to a certain extent, still followed, was no longer in the ascendant. His statuesque figures, once extolled for their classical correctness, had fallen into discredit, and been pronounced both lifeless and soulless. A sudden rebound had been made to the other extreme; the colouring and pomp of the Venetian and Flemish schools had become the fashion. At the head of this movement was the late Eugène Delacroix, who was supported by a band of ardent admirers of the new régime. These managed to carry no small number of Art-critics and of the public with them. Writers in the public journals handled the works of Ingres with undue severity, and caricaturists employed their pencils in producing burlesques of his manner, till, as M. de Mirecourt observes, "*Ces messieurs furent invités, par ordre, à cesser leurs caricatures.*" As some alleviation of his annoyances, he was decorated with the ribbon of the Legion of Honour; and then soon afterwards the doors of the *Institute de Paris* were opened to him.

In 1827 Ingres completed his immense work, generally considered his masterpiece, 'The Apotheosis of Homer,' painted for the ceiling of the saloon of Charles X., or, as it is now called, the Hall of Grecian Antiquities, in the Louvre. This composition unquestionably combines the plastic beauty of ancient, with some of the highest qualities of modern, Art. A French critic says of it: "The most celebrated authors of all ages and all countries surround the golden throne of the immortal poet. A lofty intelligence presided over the birth of this picture; its style is correct and severe; the knowledge displayed in it is perfect. And what diversity of expression is seen in the figures, which are all portraits! what skill was required to group in one uniform arrangement so large a number of individuals! The majority of them are standing, and the painter has sought to avoid monotony by varying his types with an address quite marvellous, with a felicity altogether rare. Unfortunately its tone of colour, dull and cold, casts a tint almost funereal over a composition which should, on the contrary, have shone with a light poetic and luminous." This defect brought down upon the artist the condemnation of the colourists and their partisans, who, not content with attacking him on his weak side, went so far as to reproach him with being only a "second-hand Raffaele," and no better than a servile copyist of that great master, than which nothing could be more unjust; for, instead of copying, he endeavoured to extend the principles enunciated by Raffaele, and, consequently, did not adhere to them so closely as he ought to have done.

In 1829 Ingres was appointed Professor of Painting in the *Ecole des Beaux Arts*, a post in which he certainly gained the esteem

and veneration of his pupils; and in 1833 Louis Philippe advanced him to the position of Officer of the Legion of Honour.

But the post of Director of the French Academy in Rome having become vacant, in 1835, by the resignation of Horace Vernet, he gladly accepted the offer made to him of succeeding to it. During a residence of five years, or rather more, in the capital of the Pontificate, he seemed almost to have forgotten that Art had any claims upon him beyond the direction of the School under his special charge. Throughout the period he produced but three pictures, a portrait of Cherubini, now in the gallery of the Luxembourg, 'La Vierge à l'Hostie,' and an 'Odalisque with her Attendant.' Ingres even refused to make a copy, which he had been requested to do, of Michael Angelo's 'Last Judgment,' so disheartened was he by the bitter sarcasms which many of his countrymen had levelled against his works. A sum of no less than £16,000 was, it is said by Mirecourt, offered him by the government to induce him to undertake the task; but even this could not tempt him, though Ingres was never anything else than comparatively a poor man. He might have been wealthy had he condescended to follow popular taste, and to work after the fashion of the day. In the Villa Medici, where he resided, his violin, that companion of his boyhood, consoled him under his self-expatiation, and almost every evening he held a kind of *réunion musicale* in his house.

Opinion must always be divided on the merits of every artist, simply because men judge from different points of view; or, in other words, require, as the test of genius, qualities in conformity with each one's ideas. Ingres's rigidly academic, and, as some would call it, cold and repellent style, is certainly not calculated to win popular applause; but the mind—self-educated in the severest school of Art—which could "think" out such subjects as many of those here enumerated, and the hand which could "carry" them out in the truly masterly way as did his, were those of no ordinary man. And whatever his opponents may say, or have said, the name of Ingres will go down to posterity as one of the greatest French painters of the nineteenth century—one who founded a school in his own country, as Raffaele did in Italy, that has borne, and will bear, precious fruits to the glory of the art of painting in France, whose honour during more than sixty years he laboured to uphold through good report and evil report. Had he striven to gain the applause of the multitude he might easily have effected his object; but it would have been at the sacrifice of principles which animated him almost from the very beginning of his career, and the truths of which became more and more firmly established in his own mind as manhood grew into old age.

A list of pictures painted by him would occupy more space than we could devote to it; we may point out, however, in addition to those already mentioned, among the principal:—'Philemon and Baucis,' 'Bathers,' 'Œdipus and the Sphinx,' 'Jupiter and Thetis,' 'Raffaele and the Fornarina,' 'The Triumph of Romulus,' 'Virgil reading the *Æneid*,' 'The Dream of Ossian,' 'Francesca da Rimini,' 'The Pope officiating in the Sistine Chapel,' 'Death of Leonardo da Vinci,' &c. &c.

In 1845 Ingres was nominated Commander, and in 1855 Grand Officer, of the Legion of Honour. In 1862 he was elevated to the dignity of Senator, and was also a member of the Council of Education.

JAMES DAFFORNE.

DORÉ'S PARADISE LOST.*

THERE is a sublimity, both of height and depth, in the pictures which Milton presents in his "Paradise Lost," that an artist must have not only more than ordinary genius, but also what genius does not always possess, a thorough confidence in its own powers, to qualify him for such a task as the illustrating this marvellous poem with any hope of his labours having a successful result. The difficulty is so obvious that it is rare indeed to see a painter attempting even a single scene of Milton's descriptions, except it be one of a comparatively commonplace order; such, for example, as Adam and Eve in Paradise, or Adam and Eve driven out of Paradise. But to carry the imagination upwards to the hosts of heaven, or downwards into the "darkness visible of the infernal deeps," in order to people the canvas with the inhabitants respectively of the upper and nether worlds, is an undertaking from which artists generally and advisedly shrink. Two contrary instances only do we know of; one, that of our own countryman, John Martin; the other, that of Gustave Doré, whose name is now so familiar among us. The genius of these two great artists differs widely the one from the other; but it is not our purpose here to point out in what that difference consists, but to direct attention to the series of illustrations by Doré in Messrs. Cassell's magnificent edition of Milton's great poem.

The first thing which notably impresses the spectator of these designs is their grandeur of conception. Whether the subject embraces only one or two figures, or embodies a multitude, the mind is impressed with the wonderful power of the artist's imagination. Look, as an example of the latter, at the heralds summoning the hosts of Satan to the council at Pandemonium. From all quarters of the dark region of hell the winged demons, mounted on fiery chargers, obey the call of the trumpets, and hurry onward in mad career through what appears to be burning space; a countless throng filling the whole plane of the picture till the more distant bands are scarcely visible through the murky clouds. As an example of the former—the power of conception visible in a single figure—look at that of Satan when struck down in single combat with the Archangel Michael:—

"Then Satan first knew pain,
And writhed him to and fro."

Disarmed, his sword and shield are lying on the ground, his huge form stretched on the bare rocks, his monster bat's wings still expanded to the utmost, like vast sails of unknown shape; and his head partially uplifted, showing a countenance in which rage and shame seem to strive for mastery.

The volume contains no design more attractive as an example of effective grouping than that introduced on the opposite page, representing a battle between the hosts of heaven and those of Satan:—

"Now stormy fury rose,
And clamour, such as heard in heaven till now
Was never."

The combatants on each side may be distinguished by the form of their wings; those of Satan's followers being bat-shaped, like their master's; their opponents feathered, and elegant in the symmetrical contour of their sweep. This difference, however, has not been observed in all the designs as, in our opinion, it should have been. As the battle takes place "high above the ground," in mid air, the artist has very properly refrained from introducing any strong contrast of light and shade: only just enough of each is there to avoid monotony, or an approach to it, with a "point" of light chiefly concentrated on the pinions of some of the heavenly warriors. The somewhat circular form given to the entire composition enables the spectator to take in at a single glance the whole body of combatants.

We shall find occasion to refer again to the volume when introducing another illustration supplied to us by the courtesy of the publishers.

* MILTON'S PARADISE LOST. Illustrated by Gustave Doré. Edited with Notes and a Life of Milton by ROBERT VAUGHAN, D.D. London: Cassell, Petter, and Galpin.



"THERE WAS WAR IN HEAVEN."—REV. xii. 7.

A MEMORY OF SAMUEL ROGERS. BY S. C. HALL.*

"History may be formed from permanent monuments and records, but lives can only be written from personal knowledge, which is growing every day less and less, and in a short time is lost for ever."—DR. JOHNSON.

"We have undertaken to discourse here for a little on Great Men, their manner of appearance in our World's history, how they have shaped themselves in the World's history, what ideas men formed of them, what Work they did."—CARLYLE: HERO WORSHIP.



AL. who were denizens of London—during the twenty years that preceded the last ten years—no longer ago—met frequently in the aristocratic neighbourhood of St. James's a man evidently aged, yet remarkably active, though with a slight stoop and grizzled hair; not, to my thinking, with a pleasant countenance; certainly not with the frank and free expression of a poet who loved and lived with Nature; but rather that of one whose ever-open book was a ledger, and who counted the day, not by sunrise and sunset, but by Consols and Exchequer bills—things inconceivable to

* As it is probable this number of the *Art Journal* will go into the hands of many who are not its regular subscribers, we may venture to repeat that during the last two years we have published a series of memories of great men and women of the epoch, who had been our personal acquaintances—among others, Southey, Coleridge, Campbell, Wordsworth, Felicia Hemans, Maria Edgeworth, Letitia Landon, Mary Russell Mitford, Amelia Opie, Hannah More, Crabbe, Lady Morgan, Thomas Hood, Charles Lamb, Professor Wilson, Leigh Hunt, &c., &c.

Some of these "Memories" are the joint productions of Mr. and Mrs. S. C. Hall, others (as in the present case) of Mr. Hall only.

With all these, and many others, it has been our happy privilege to have been, more or less, personally intimate, either as the Editor of works to which they were contributors (the *New Monthly Magazine*, the *Annals*, the "Book of Gems of British Poets and Artists," &c., &c.), knowing them in general society, or in the more familiar intercourse of private life. Many of them we knew intimately, others slightly; but of each and all we have had something to say, which perhaps could have been said only as the result of actual knowledge of the person described. The Memories that remain will be sketches rather than portraits. The demands upon our space in order worthily to represent the Paris Exhibition will necessitate their withdrawal for a time, to be resumed, if life and health be spared to us, hereafter.

the Order to which SAMUEL ROGERS undoubtedly belonged.

The old man moved rapidly, as if pursuing a vain shadow, always.

He did not often smile, and seldom laughed: anything approaching hilarity, aught akin to enthusiasm, to a genuine flow of heart and soul, was foreign to his nature—or, at all events, seemed to be so. Yet, of a surety, he was a keen observer; he looked "quite through the deeds of men;" and his natural talent had been matured and polished by long and familiar intercourse with all the finer spirits of his age; his conversation to his "set" at home was remarkably brilliant, and his wit often pure and original.

It was curious, interesting, and startling to converse—as I did—in the year of our Lord 1855, with a venerable gentleman whose first book of poems was published in 1786—just sixty-nine years; who had worn a cocked hat when a boy, as other boys did—recalled seeing the heads of the rebels upon poles at Temple Bar—had seen Garrick act—knocked at Dr. Johnson's door in Bolt Court, and chatted there with Boswell—heard Sir Joshua Reynolds lecture, and Haydn play at a concert in a tie wig with a sword at his side—rowed with a boatman who had rowed Alexander Pope—had seen venerable John Wesley lying on his bier "dressed in full canonicals"—had walked with old General Oglethorpe who had shot snipes where Conduit Street now stands—was the frequent associate of Fox,

Burke, Sheridan, Mackintosh, Horne Tooke, and Madame de Stael, and was a man "in years" when Brougham was called to the Bar, John Kemble first played Coriolanus, Walter Scott had not yet issued "Waverley," Byron was writing "Minor Poems," and Ensign Arthur Wellesley was fighting his way to a dukedom and immortality!

It seems to me, while writing a memory of this veteran of literature—as it will seem to my readers—that although he was with us but yesterday, he belongs to a remote generation: he had seen and known his co-mates in their youth, when the earliest rays of Fame dawned upon them; many of them he had followed to their graves, and few or none of them survived him.

That is a strange story to tell of any man.

There is no biography of him; if we except that written by his nephew, Mr. Sharpe, as a "Preface" to "Recollections," and another which introduces a volume of "Table Talk." Neither of these extends to more than a dozen pages. They are singularly meagre; as if the writers had done the work grudgingly; had no love for the subject, and were content to let the old man say for himself all he had to say. And that was not much. It is indeed a marvel that so little was gathered during so long and so full a life; for in these two volumes of "Remains" it would be difficult to find a score of passages that one would not willingly let die. His frequent companion, the publisher Moxon,—one of his executors, who must have known much about his "ways,"—has told us nothing concerning him; and such anecdotes as throw any light on his character must be gathered from his contemporaries who, here and there, and but rarely, illustrate and explain the guiding principles of his public and private life. Yet it is stated by the editor of "Recollections" (not recollections of him but by him), that "from his first entering into society he noted down the conversations or remarks of those among

his intimate friends in whose company he took the greatest pleasure."

In reference to his "Life," I received this letter from Mr. Rogers—dated

"St. James's Place, Jan. 30th, 1837.

"Believe me when I say I should be happy to comply with your desire if I had any intention of writing my own life.

"The only authentic account I can refer you to is to be found, such as it is, in a work published some years ago by Cadell, and entitled, I believe, 'Portraits of Illustrious Persons.'

"Most of the circumstances in the Life published by Galignani are utterly without foundation. The 'Pleasures of Memory' (to mention one instance among many) was written in great seclusion under my father's roof; and so far from consulting the gentleman there mentioned, on the subject, I was at that time unacquainted with him. He is there said, I think, to have read it over with me, before it appeared, fifty or sixty times.

"Yours very truly,

"SAMUEL ROGERS."

He was born at Stoke Newington (Newington Green), now a suburb of London, on the 30th July, 1763. His father was an opulent banker, head of the firm of Rogers, Olding and Co.* His first publication—an "Ode to Superstition"—was issued in 1786. In 1792 appeared "The Pleasures of Memory," to which he is mainly indebted for his fame.

He died at his residence, St. James's Place, on the 18th December, 1855.

His countenance was a theme of continual jokes. It was "ugly," if not repulsive. The expression was in no way, nor under any circumstances, good; he had a drooping eye and a thick under lip; his forehead was broad, his head large—out of proportion, indeed, to his form; but it was without the organs of benevolence and veneration, although preponderating in that of ideality. His features were cadaverous. Lord Dudley once asked him why, now that he could afford it, he did not set up his hearse; and it is said that Sidney Smith gave him mortal offence by recommending him, "when he sat for his portrait, to be drawn saying his prayers, with his face hidden by his hands."

It is affirmed by some of his friends that "his purse was ever open to the distressed;" and that he was liberal of aid to struggling and suffering genius. That belief, however, is not sustained by evidence. From him to whom much is given, much is expected; the widow's mite was a larger, as well as a more acceptable, gift to the treasury than the Pharisee's contribution of the tithe of all he possessed. Rogers was rich, had few claimants on his "much," and his personal wants were limited; he seems indeed to have had no great relish for the luxuries that money supplies, and which it is a duty to obtain on the part of those to whom wealth is allotted. He saw little company at his own house; giving breakfasts frequently, the cost of which was small, and seldom entertaining at dinner above two or three at a time. Moreover, they were dinners of no very *recherché* character; at all events, none of his guests ever spoke of them as the feasts of a Sybarite. He never, I believe, kept a carriage—certainly, if he did, he seldom used it. On occasions when he attended meetings of the Royal Society, and other assemblages of that kind, at the close, let the night be ever so severe, if rain or snow were falling, he was invariably seen buttoning up his great coat in preparation for a walk home. On one occasion I ventured

* The bank, which very recently had become a "joint-stock" concern, failed in the panic of last year.

to say to him (it was at an Evening at Lord Northampton's, in Connaught Place), "Mr. Rogers, it is a very wet night, I have a fly at the door, may I have the honour to leave you at your house?" but the invitation was declined; the old man faced the weather from which younger and stronger men would have wisely shrunk.

I cannot find evidence to sustain an impression that he was other than by fits and starts generous; that it was not an impulse but a whim that induced him occasionally to give a little of his "much." There are certainly a few records of his liberality—and but a few: none are related in the two volumes of "Table Talk" and "Recollections." Moore spoke of him to me, and no doubt to others, as a man with an open purse; but I do not find that he ever did more for the poet than lend him a sum that was repaid with interest.

His charities were certainly often based on calculation. "He did nothing rash," Mr. Hayward states. "I am sure," said one of his friends, "as a baby, he never fell down unless he was pushed; but walked from chair to chair in the drawing-room, steadily and quietly, till he reached a place where the sunbeam fell on the carpet." And Byron, writing to Bernard Barton, asks, "To what does Rogers owe his station in society, and his intimacy in the best circles?" Not to his profession as an author, but "to his prudence and respectability."

No; "to do good and to distribute" was not the motto of the banker-poet, although some may have tasted of his bounty.*

No doubt, he was often worried by applications for aid; some from fraudulent petitioners, but some from persons to whom timely helps might have been great blessings—probably saved the lives, possibly the souls, of those who asked it.

He writes—"The letters I receive from people of both sexes (people I have never heard of) asking me for money, either as a gift or a loan, are really innumerable;" but it is evident from the context that such "begging epistles" produced no results to the writers. It is recorded that Murphy owed him £200; the poet became "uneasy," and accompanied Murphy to his chambers to be paid. Once there, however, Murphy, instead of paying the existing debt, laboured hard to borrow more—an attempt which the poet successfully resisted. Rogers afterwards took as security an assignment of the whole of Murphy's works (including his "Tacitus"), but found they had been previously disposed of to a bookseller. And in the "Table Talk" there is a note that Shelley called upon Rogers—introducing himself—to request the loan of some money which he wished to present to Leigh Hunt, offering Rogers a bond for it. Rogers says, "having numerous claims upon me at that time, I was obliged to refuse the loan."

It is reported of him, that he once loved: at least, that, when a young man, he sedulously sought the society of the most beautiful girl he thought he had seen. At the end of the London season, at a ball, she said, "To-morrow I go to Worthing: are you coming there?" Some months afterwards, being at Ranelagh, he saw the attention of many drawn towards a lady who was leaning on the arm of her husband. Stepping forward to see this wonderful beauty, he found it was his old flame. She merely said, "You never came to Worthing!" Who shall say that the selfish cynic might

not have been another man—a better and a far happier man—if he had gone to Worthing!

Moore, one of the few of his friends who really regarded Rogers, thus writes in a letter to Lady Donegal:—"I felt as I always feel with him: that the fear of losing his good opinion almost embitters the possession of it; and that, though in his society one walks upon roses, it is with constant apprehension of the thorns that are among them."

And subsequently, Moore thus alludes to Rogers as a critic:—"He only finds fault with every part in detail; and this you know is the style of his criticism of characters." And Lady Donegal, in reply, speaks of his "sickly and discontented turn of mind, which makes him dissatisfied with everything, and disappointed in all his views of life;" speaking, also, of his "unfortunate habit of dwelling upon the faults and follies of his friends."

There is an anecdote recorded by Lady Holland in her memoirs of her father, Sydney Smith, that, perhaps more than any other, illustrates the character of Rogers; it is this:—"One day, Rogers took Moore and my father home in a carriage from a breakfast; and insisted on showing them, by the way, Dryden's house, in some obscure street. It was very wet; the house looked much like other old houses; and having thin shoes on they both remonstrated; but in vain. Rogers got out, and stood expecting them. 'Oh! you see why Rogers don't mind getting out,' exclaimed my father, laughing and leaning out of the carriage, 'he has got goloshes on!'"

When Turner illustrated his poems, the artist was to have received £50 a-piece for the drawings. But Rogers objected to the price, which he had "miscalculated," and Turner agreed to take them all back, receiving £5 each for the use of them. The banker did not foresee a time when the purchase would have been a very good speculation indeed: if he had, there is little doubt that he would have paid for them. He made other bargains that were more remunerative: the famous "Puck" of Sir Joshua Reynolds he purchased for £215 5s.

The house—in which he passed so many years of his life, from the year 1803 to its close—in St. James's Place, is still there; but it is not a shrine that any pilgrim will much care to visit. Few great men of the age have excited so little hero-worship; those who would have been mourners at his funeral had preceded him to the tomb; he left none to honour or to cherish his memory. His house had been full of Art-luxuries, gathered by judicious expenditure of wealth, and by highly cultivated taste; they were scattered by the hammer of the auctioneer after his death, and are the gems of a hundred collections. Yet the house will be always one of the memorable dwellings of London. "It was," I borrow the eloquent words of Mr. Hayward, "here that Erskine told the story of his first brief, and Grattan that of his last duel; that Wellington described Waterloo as a 'battle of giants'; that Chantrey, placing his hand on a mahogany pedestal, asked the host he then honoured by his presence—'Do you remember a workman who, at five shillings a day, came in at that door to receive your orders? I was that workman!'" There had assembled Byron, Moore, Scott, Campbell, Wordsworth, Washington Irving, Coleridge, Sydney Smith, Sheridan, and a host of other immortal men, who gave renown to the nineteenth century, and 'live for aye in Fame's eternal volume.'"

No; the aged banker-poet who had lived

so long, seen so much, been intimate with so many of the great men and women of the epoch, who had all his life held "in trust" a huge amount of wealth, with its weighty responsibilities, has not bequeathed to us a "memory" that may be either venerated or loved. From no "sort of men" did he gather "golden opinions;" his heart was in a perpetual solitude; he seemed continually to quail under the burden of "a discontented and repining spirit," although God had been specially bountiful to him in all the good things of earth. He might have been a vast blessing to thousands: those who owed him ought that was not repaid, may surely be counted by units. In all I have heard and read concerning him, and it is much—I cannot find evidence that he had, at any time, "learned the luxury of doing good."

He himself states that Madame de Staël once said to him, "How very sorry I am for Campbell! His poverty so unsettles his mind that he cannot write." This was the answer of Rogers:—"I replied, 'Why does he not take the situation of a clerk? He could then compose verses during his leisure hours;'" and he adds, "I shall never forget the delight with which, on returning home [from his bank to his mansion], I used to read and write during the evening;" moralising thus: "When literature is the sole business of life, it becomes a drudgery: when we are able to resort to it only at certain times, it is a charming relaxation."

Ah! had he but known what it is to "sweat the brain" not only all day long, but far into midnight; to toil when the hand shakes and the head aches from overwork—when the labour of to-day must earn the sustenance of to-morrow, and not always that; to work, work, work, and be sent by nature, hungry, to sleep that is not rest; to endure far worse than these physical sufferings—"the proud man's contumely," the consciousness of power while fetters gall and fret; heart-sick from hope deferred; a gleam of far-off glory that scorches the brow; the thousand ills that "unsettle the mind," so that the hand cannot write. Ay, authorship may be "a pleasant relaxation," when it is not a means by which men live; when, well or ill, sad or merry, in joy or in sorrow, prosperous or afflicted—no matter which—there is that to be done that must be done, and which may not be postponed because it is "a drudgery."

When Rogers uttered these words in protest against the generous sympathy of Madame de Staël, there were men starving in London streets, whose minds were pregnant with even greater creations than the "Pleasures of Memory," or "Human Life," and who gave them to the world before they left it. Crabbe may by that time have found means to buy, and pay for, food and clothes; Campbell may have been on the eve of rescue from poverty by the pension he earned and gained; Southey may have had his home fireside cheered by a remittance from Murray; and Leigh Hunt may have stayed the cravings of angry creditors by aid of some sympathising friend; but there were scores of great men obscurely hidden in mighty London, whose struggles with penury would appal those whom "pleasure, ease, and affluence surround,"—enduring "all the sad varieties of woe," some of whom may have made their wants known, while others triumphantly averted the bitter end; though others were voluntary victims before their work was half done.

It might have been the glory of Samuel Rogers to have helped them out of the Slough of Despond!

* Rogers, if we are to credit the "Table Talk," once said, "What a noble-minded person Lord Londale was! I have received from him hundreds of pounds for the relief of literary men."

THE NATIONAL GALLERY.

THE Report of Mr. Boxall, R.A., Director of the National Gallery, to the Lords of the Treasury, in obedience to an order of the House of Commons, has made its appearance. The subjects referred to in it are classed in the following order:—1st. Pictures purchased during the last year; 2nd. Former Purchases; 3rd. Bequests and Donations; 4th. Details relating to the Gallery and Establishment. Under the first head we find mention made of the 'Madonna and Child,' by Lippo Dalmasio, purchased for £400 at Bologna, of Signor Michelangelo Gualandi; of two pictures, companions, attributed to Melozzo da Forlì, bought for £600 at Florence, of Mr. W. Spence; of a portrait, supposed to be that of the Contessa Palma, painted by Piero della Francesca, purchased for £160 of Signor Egidii, of Florence; and Rembrandt's 'Christ blessing Little Children,' bought at Aix-la-Chapelle from the collection of M. Suermondt—the sum paid for it was £7,000.

The second division of the Report refers to the hanging last year in the National Gallery of the purchases made in the year preceding. These are 'The Madonna and Child,' by Girolamo dai Libri; 'Portraits of the Giusti Family,' by Niccolò Giolifino; 'Christ and the Disciples going to Emmaus,' by Melone; 'The Doge Giovanni Mocenigo adoring the Infant Christ,' by Carpaccio; and Giovanni Santi's 'Madonna and Infant Christ.' The Bequests and Donations include Sir Joshua Reynolds's portraits of the Rev. George Huddesford and Mr. J. C. Warwick Bampfylde, presented in the name of Mrs. Martha Beaumont by her daughter, Mrs. Plenge; a marble bust of W. Mulready, R.A., by H. Weekes, R.A., presented by the subscribers for whom it was executed; and 'The Remorse of Judas,' by E. Armitage, A.R.A., the gift of the painter.

Under the fourth heading we find fourteen pictures have been protected with glass during the last year: a list of these is given in the "Appendix." They are Mulready's 'The Last In,' G. Santi's 'Madonna and Infant Christ,' Leslie's 'Sancho Panza and the Duchess,' Turner's 'Golden Bough,' 'Grand Canal, Venice,' and 'The Guidecca, Venice,' Eastlake's 'Greek Girl,' 'Philip IV. of Spain,' by Velasquez; Wilkie's 'Peep o' Day Boys' Cabin,' 'Portrait of a Lady,' by Piero della Francesca; Annibal Carracci's 'Silenus gathering Grapes,' and 'Apollo playing to Silenus'; Rembrandt's 'Adoration of the Shepherds'; and the painting of 'A Warrior adoring the Infant Christ,' by an unknown artist of the Venetian school.

The following pictures have required more or less repairing or cleaning:—Wilkie's 'Peep o' Day Boys' Cabin,' 'The Battle of St. Egidio,' by P. Uccello; Salvator Rosa's 'Mercury and the Woodman'; Gaspar Poussin's 'Abraham and Isaac proceeding to the Place of Sacrifice'; 'Autumn, with a view of the Château de Stein,' by Rubens; A. Carracci's 'Silenus gathering Grapes,' and 'Bacchus taught by Silenus'; Tintoretto's 'Landscape, with St. George destroying the Dragon'; and Giulio Romano's fresco of 'The Vision of the Magdalen.' We can bear our testimony to the judicious treatment these works have received at the hands of the restorer, especially Salvator Rosa's 'Mercury' and Rubens's 'Landscape,' both of which were previously so obscured by the accumulations of dust and varnish as to be almost obliterated. They may now be seen and properly appreciated.

The number of visitors to the galleries at South Kensington and Trafalgar Square, is set down at 1,531,976 persons on the public days during the year 1866; of these 776,901 visited the latter gallery, and 756,075 the former. We know not, by the way, how this computation is made, for we have never observed at either gallery any plan adopted for ascertaining the number of those who enter the apartments. The result stated, whatever may be its accuracy or otherwise, could only be reached, it may be presumed, by a rough calculation of the attendants.

ART IN THE PROVINCES.

BELFAST.—It is gratifying to note the progress of Art as indicated by the exhibitions of pictures in the manufacturing districts, particularly in localities like Belfast, where Art has of late years been comparatively overlooked and neglected, although, from the importance of the town and wealth of that part of Ireland, such should not have been the case. It is therefore with pleasure we record the success of an Exhibition in that city, which, having been open for about three months, was recently closed, after creating an interest in Art in "Linenopolis" which augurs well for the success of similar exhibitions annually, as well as for the improved taste that is certain to be occasioned thereby.

For this Exhibition—a brief reference to which appeared in our last number—and its success, Belfast is indebted to the enterprise of a private firm, Messrs. Marcus Ward & Co., who threw open the suite of rooms forming their Fine Art Gallery for the purpose, and made all the necessary arrangements with the artists. On reference to the catalogue of the exhibition, we find that a number of the works exhibited were the property of noblemen and gentlemen resident in the neighbourhood, lent for exhibition; but by far the greater proportion were exhibited by the artists, for sale. There were about five hundred and fifty pictures in all. Two of the rooms contained oil paintings, and a third was devoted to water-colour drawings. Of oil paintings there were examples from the easels of F. R. Pickersgill, R.A., F. Goodall, R.A., C. W. Cope, R.A., F. R. Lee, R.A., Abraham Cooper, R.A., Sir Thomas Lawrence, R.A., Sir Joshua Reynolds, R.A., Richard Ansdell, A.R.A., H. Bright, Richard Rothwell, R.H.A., T. F. Marshall, Rudolph Lemann, J. H. Tilton, Sydney Hodges, Ebenezer Crawford, J. Peyrol Bonheur, E. J. Niemann, Charles Lucy, Edwin Williams, Herbert L. Smith, Alfred W. Williams, Charles Pettitt, W. H. Cubley, J. Ballentine, R.S.A., A. Perigal, A.R.S.A., Watkins Chapman, J. T. Peele, Grönlund, T. Brooks, A. Johnston, J. C. Thorn, P. R. Morris, J. Stirling, G. E. Hicks, &c. &c.

In the list of water-colour drawings, we observe the names of Copley Fielding, Birket Foster, T. L. Rowbotham, J. D. Harding, Carl Werner, Louis Tesson, J. W. Whymper, Edwin Moore, John Sherwin, T. F. Marshall, A. W. Cox, W. L. Casey, Anthony C. Stannus, Herman Ten Kate, W. R. Beverley, David Cox, S. Prout, J. C. Reed, J. Burrell Smith, Vicat Cole, C. Cattermole, E. P. Brandard, John Callow, Towneley Green, P. De Wint, &c. &c.

It is gratifying to learn that of the works exhibited, a very large proportion—nearly one half of the whole—have been disposed of at good prices. There was an Art-Union established in connection with the exhibition, by which the sale of pictures was much augmented. It was inaugurated by a committee of gentlemen, of which the Mayor of Belfast (David Taylor, Esq., J.P.) was chairman, and is established on a permanent basis. It is named "The Art-Union of Belfast," and has received the sanction and authority of her Majesty's Privy Council. The drawing for the prizes in it took place at the Music Hall, Belfast, on the evening of the 24th of January, the Mayor of Belfast in the chair. The shares were 5s. each, or five for a guinea. The amount realised by sale of shares was £871 10s., the whole of which sum, without deductions, was divided into prizes as follows:—one of £50, two of £25, three of £20, two of £15, ten of £10, fifty of £5, forty-four of £3, twenty of £2, and one of £1 10s., making one hundred and thirty-three prizes in all. In selecting paintings, a large proportion of the successful shareholders added to the amount of their prizes (in some instances double the sum) in order to purchase still more valuable pictures. Considering that this is the first year of the undertaking, these results are in every way encouraging. It is intended that a similar Exhibition shall be opened, in the same place, during the autumn of this year, of which notice will be given to Artists.

THE BLACAS COLLECTION.

IN the acquisition that has just been made of the famous Blacas collection of Greek and Roman antiquities, the British Museum receives an addition of great interest and value, and that in one or two departments in which it was comparatively weak. The Government on this occasion cannot be charged with backwardness; the opportunity of adding to the treasures of the Museum has been promptly seized by Mr. Disraeli, at the instance of Mr. Newton, and thus the whole has been secured for £48,000. As the rarest gems of this cabinet have been known to collectors for a century and a half, it is certain that, by delay, competition would have much increased the cost. Other collections of antiquities and works of Art have been lost to the nation by doubts cast on their genuineness, or fears of their being over-estimated.

The Blacas gems have not yet been arranged, and their appearance under the cases in the Ornament Room is suggestive rather of movement than the repose of a permanent abiding-place. They are placed in trays lined with white velvet, which have apparently belonged to a movable chest. Each tray contains about one hundred and sixty gems. The origin of the cabinet dates back a hundred and fifty years—to the acquisition of a portion of the Strozzi gems, then among the most celebrated in Europe; another source was the collection of Dr. Barth, who was physician to the Emperor Joseph II. of Austria. But besides these, the other objects are of great variety, as coins, Roman plate, gold bridal ornaments, painted vases, bronzes, frescoes, defensive armour, and miscellaneous objects useful and ornamental.

The collection, although poor in cameos, possesses one which, for size and beauty, is unrivalled. It is a profile of Augustus on sardonyx, measuring 6½ inches by 3½. The hair is bound by a fillet enriched with precious stones, a barbarous ornament which the Roman, or more probably Greek, artist never contemplated; this is perhaps *cinque-cento* work. There are two remarkable onyx profiles of beautiful workmanship, but it is uncertain whom they represent; a profile of Germanicus, however, was known in the sixteenth century; it is in low or flat relief. In intaglios the collection is very rich, its wealth consisting in the number and beautiful execution of the subjects. The setting, generally, is modern; that is, much of it may be mediæval and renaissance; it is rare to meet with antique settings. Some of the heads are those of Caracalla, Gordian, Carinus, Horace, Livia, Julius Caesar, portraits of one or two kings, &c., who are not recognised. A very celebrated gem is a Medusa's head, known since the sixteenth century, having been found, according to tradition, on the Coelian Hill. Its antiquity has been questioned, but the beauty of the cutting would bespeak its being genuine; the signature is Solonos. There is another version of the subject in amethyst. Of scarabei the British Museum, enriched by the Blacas gems, now possesses the finest series known. Some of the subjects are readily recognisable as mythological stories; the subjects of many are not determined, and a proportion will always remain doubtful. The gems and pastes are in number about eight hundred. It may easily be excelled by other cabinets as to the number of cameos, but, as a private collection, it is placed in the highest rank by its intaglios, although the variety of stones is not extensive.

Not the least remarkable feature of the collection is a massive toilet-service in silver, together with part of the ornamental equipage of a *quadriga*, also in silver; the former portion is believed to have been a wedding present to a Christian Roman lady of the fifth or sixth century. In the centre of this display is a small silver plate-chest, of the form of a cenotaph, with a ribbed dome top arabesqued on embossed work. On the top are two heads, which are supposed to represent the bride and bridegroom. The toilet-service consists of about forty pieces. Among the harness and chariot ornaments are four sets of large plaques, such as might be set on the breast-bands of chariot harness, each having in its centre a pendent crescent. There

are also four sockets, each ornamented with a figure bearing a strange resemblance to a heathen divinity. The dressing-service is rich in vessels for containing essences and unguents; and, by a Roman charioteer, nothing might be considered as wanting to the enrichment of his harness. The different appliances of the two sets of objects suggest that, instead of the whole being considered a suitable present to a lady, each had a separate destination, the one being presented to the bride, and the other to the bridegroom. These reliques are almost the only existing examples of this kind of work as practised in Rome in the fifth or sixth century; they were found in 1793.

The painted vases of the Blacas collection have long been famous, and many of them are unsurpassed in the beauty and delicacy of the work. They are of every class—prize, nuptial, ceremonial, Bacchic, &c.—and of every size and form common to such works. Those of the best period are distinguishable by the purity of thought and allusion which characterise them. Astronomical subjects are rare; there is, however, one small vase belonging to that class, on which is represented the rising sun. The figure, with his head surrounded by the solar disc, stands in his *quadriga*, ascending from the sea. At his appearance the stars descend, and are extinguished. There are also present Aurora, and Cephalus holding in his right hand two javelins. On one of the most precious of the large vases appears the Judgment of Paris, and on another the story of the Danaides, whose punishment the artist has ingeniously doubled, by compelling them to ascend a hill with their vessels of water, after having drawn it from Acheron. Again, the story of Orpheus, in compositions set forth on two planes. In the centre of the lower line is the *herma* of a god crowned with myrtle, and having flowing hair, the type of the eternal youth of Apollo. On the right is a tree, with its branches drooping towards the sun; and near the tree is Orpheus, crowned with white poplar, wearing a mantle and sandals, leaning on his staff, and restraining by a chain Cerberus, that threatens to attack two men near him. Behind Orpheus is Eurydice. In the upper plane is Venus with Cupid; Mercury and Pan are also present. In black enamel, on one of the larger vases, we see Hercules slaying the Nemean lion; on the right stands Minerva fully armed, and on the other side is Iolaus holding the club. Among the Bacchic vases is a picture of a sacrifice, in which one half of the goat is held by the officiating priest, as about to be placed on the altar. A flute-player is one of the prominent figures; all the characters are crowned with ivy. In this painting Bacchus does not seem to be worshipped as the god of wine, but as a deity from whom good gifts are obtainable by solemn appeal. Others show all the extravagance of the Bacchanalian orgies, with the familiar accompaniment of Satyrs, Bacchantes, and the well-hackneyed Silenus. In number and variety these vases, as supplying a deficit, form a desirable acquisition to the Museum. Among the miscellaneous objects are one or two panels of mural painting from Herculaneum and Pompeii, and a number of small bronzes, some of which are masterly in design and execution.

The Dukes of Blacas, to whose taste the formation of this collection is principally owing, were father and son, followers of the fortunes of the Bourbons, after the first French revolution. In the selection great care has been exercised, and much knowledge has been shown; for certainly, of the whole, the antiquity of but a small proportion is open to doubt.

It is to be hoped that the example of the present Chancellor of the Exchequer, in so promptly securing the Blacas Collection, will not be lost upon future ministers. Mr. Disraeli assumed the whole responsibility of the purchase by ordering at once the money—£48,000—to be paid. When the matter was brought before the House, the vote passed without a division; and here is a precedent for ministers hereafter, on similarly rare occasions, to purchase first and apply for authority afterwards—the only certain means of securing the treasures that from time to time are brought into the market.

FEMALE SCHOOL OF ART.

A brief allusion was made in our last month's number to the annual distribution of prizes, by Earl Granville, to the successful competitors among the students of this school. The presentations were made in the large room of the Royal Society in Burlington House; which was filled by the pupils, their friends, and the supporters of the institution. The principal prize-winners were:—Misses A. Williams, V. Hart, M. H. Dennis, F. Seddon, H. Cole, E. Flint, and J. Chapman, for "Prizes presented by the Committee of the School to those whose works were selected for National Competition." Miss A. Bailey, Mrs. Stead, Misses C. Tills, W. Smith, and M. J. Andrews, for three prizes offered by Messrs. Kindon and Powell for the best designs for oil-cloths; the drawings of the three last-mentioned ladies being considered of equal merit, the prize was divided among them. Misses M. W. Webb, M. Julyan, C. Banks, A. Bailey, and A. Manly, received prizes for works which were successful in the National Competition. Miss Manly's prize was a gold medal for a drawing of grapes from nature. To this lady was awarded, by the Lords of the Committee of Council on Education, the second "Princess of Wales's Scholarship," for having taken one of the two highest prizes of the year awarded to the female students in the National Competition of all the Schools of Art.

The last year's report, read by Professor Donaldson, stated, that by the erection of a spacious and lofty gallery for the study of the antique, and by extensive improvements in the original building in Queen Square, such as adding other class-rooms, dressing and luncheon rooms, improving the ventilation, and other alterations, the school, the committee believe, is now rendered as complete in all its various departments as is possible, both in regard to the studies of the pupils, as well as their personal convenience, health, and comfort. At the last National competition the number of medals offered was ten gold, twenty silver, and fifty bronze; 100 schools competed, and 968 works were selected for the competition. This school had obtained one gold out of the ten, one silver, two bronze medals, and one prize of books! The report further stated that the dress and veil of Honiton lace worn by Princess Helena at her marriage were designed by a student of the school, Miss Margaretta Clarke. Miss Bryant, a former student, had designed successfully a Honiton lace shawl for Mrs. Treadwin, of Exeter, which is to appear at the International Exhibition in Paris.

After distributing the prizes, Earl Granville addressed the meeting on the advantages afforded by the institution for acquiring a knowledge of Art, and showed how such knowledge was conducive to the interests of all classes, and of incalculable benefit to the nation at large, inasmuch as Art contributes to our material prosperity and to our individual mental elevation and enjoyment. His lordship was followed by Mr. Beresford Hope, M.P., who is always to be found lending a willing hand and voice for the promotion of good Art of every kind. The hon. gentleman paid a deserving compliment to Miss Gann—whose labours in the interest of the school have been, and are, beyond all price—when he said that "Schools of Art, like this, tended to break down the old barriers which formerly circumscribed and hemmed in the artist, and separated him from those who were students of the variety of forms of Nature and Art for the purpose of making them their own, and reproducing them in various branches of manufacture. That pedantic rule would 'dub' him or her an artist who would paint some picturesque old gate, or ruin, or landscape, but would refuse the name to one who produced with great care and elaboration a design for a screen or a grille to be reproduced afterwards in metal. Miss Gann had set herself the task of breaking down that barrier, and she was engaged in fighting the battle not only for the present time, but for future generations."

Notwithstanding all the efforts which have been made by the committee and by Miss Gann, there is still a debt of about £1,000 on the new

building which requires increased aid from the public to discharge. Earl Granville, at the outset of his remarks, urged the desirability of getting rid of this obligation, when the school would, doubtless, be self-supporting, and the lady-superintendent, Miss Gann, would be able to devote the whole of her time to the development of the resources of the institution. A concert by the "Wandering Minstrels" was given on the 2nd of last month, to assist in getting rid of the debt, and a bazaar for the same purpose will be held in the month of June.

PICTURE SALES.

NOTWITHSTANDING the excited, if not turbulent, aspect of the political atmosphere, and the comparative dulness of commercial affairs arising from this among other causes, the "picture market" is in a very lively and healthy condition, if one may judge from the first important sale which has taken place this season. This was the dispersion, by Messrs. Christie, Manson, and Woods, on the 2nd of March, of the fine collection of Mr. Frederic Somes, of Beech Hill Park, Loughton, Essex. It contained examples of many of our most distinguished artists, as the following list, which includes the principal paintings, will show:—

'Interior of a Stable,' with a white pony and other animals, poultry and figures, engraved, J. F. Herring, sen., 175 gs. (R. Tattersall); 'The Lost Found,' A. Solomon, 175 gs. (Webster); 'The Rescue after a Storm,' R. Ansdell, A.R.A., 255 gs. (Toulmin); 'Grouse Shooting,' and 'Rabbit Shooting,' companion pictures, R. Ansdell, A.R.A., 115 gs. (Vokins); 'View of Dort,' D. Roberts, R.A., 86 gs. (Drake); an incident in 'The Derby Day,' the well-known picture by W. P. Frith, R.A., 200 gs. (Gambart); 'A la Fuente, Andalusia,' J. Phillip, R.A., 510 gs. (Addington); 'View of Lowestoft,' J. W. Oakes, 215 gs. (Vokins); 'Desdemona pleading for Cassio,' T. F. Dicksee, 250 gs. (Wardell); 'Canterbury Meadows,' with cows and sheep, T. S. Cooper, A.R.A., 260 gs. (Agnew); 'The Escape of Catherine Parr,' W. J. Grant, 215 gs. (J. T. Leather); 'O'er the Muir among the Heather,' W. Linnell, 490 gs. (Godwin); 'Brodie's Castle, Isle of Arran,' C. Stanfield, R.A., 805 gs. (Mounsey); 'The Lay of King Canute,' H. O'Neil, A.R.A., 540 gs. (Saunderson); 'The Mossy Dell,' T. Creswick, R.A., 215 gs. (White); 'The Temple of Edfon,' D. Roberts, R.A., 270 gs. (Gillott); 'Death of Robert, King of Naples,' A. Elmore, R.A., 325 gs. (Mitchell); 'The Deserter—'England expects every man to do his duty,' M. Stone, 410 gs. (Mitchell); 'Oude Scheldt, Texel Island,' C. Stanfield, R.A., 470 gs. (White); 'Going to a Party,' J. C. Horsley, R.A., 440 gs. (Cooper); 'The Silken Gown,' T. Faed, R.A., 470 gs. (Gambart); 'The Race of Ramsay, near St. David's Head, South Wales,' C. Stanfield, R.A., 475 gs. (Grindlay); 'Train up a Child,' &c., T. Faed, R.A., 860 gs. (Mounsey); 'Landing Salmon,' J. C. Hook, R.A., 750 gs. (Brooke); 'Lucy's Flittin',' T. Faed, R.A., 825 gs. (Addington); 'The Coming Storm,' J. Linnell, sen., 425 gs. (E. White); 'Uncle Tom and his Wife for Sale,' engraved, Sir E. Landseer, R.A., 1,010 gs. (Harter); 'The Highland Bride's Departure,' and 'The Highland Ferry Boat,' both engraved, Jacob Thompson, 275 gs. (Saunderson). Among a few water-colour drawings sold were—'Fishing-boats running into Harbour,' C. Bentley, 100 gs. (Vokins); 'Sea View,' with a disabled man-of-war, boats, &c., S. Prout, 195 gs. (Wallis). The collection, which numbered 77 works, realised £16,200.

At the same time a few Belgian pictures, the property of another collector, were disposed of; they included—'A View in the Duchy of Luxembourg,' Koekkoek, 285 gs. (Smith); 'Returning from the Country,' B. P. Ommeganck, 195 gs. (Tracey); 'Art and Liberty,' L. Gallait, 1,200 gs. (Morrison). This fine picture was exhibited not very long since at Brussels; a brief description of it was given in the *Art-Journal* last year, in our notice of the works of the painter.

NOTABILIA OF THE UNIVERSAL EXHIBITION.

[Under this head we propose to give, monthly, a series of brief but comprehensive notices of such matters as, though comparatively minor, are yet of importance, and which do not properly belong to any of the subjects designed to be treated at length.]

THE UNIVERSAL EXHIBITION CATALOGUE.—With the present Part of the *Art-Journal* we issue the first portion of a series of engravings, which ultimately, we trust, will include examples of all the best and most suggestive Manufacturers of the world. It is needless to repeat the assurance that our utmost efforts will be exerted to render this publication far superior to its predecessors of 1851 and 1862. We have but to state that our applications for materials have been cordially responded to. There is, indeed, intense anxiety among producers generally to be thus represented in these pages. Our readers are aware that no expense of any kind is incurred by the Manufacturer; we look for our recompense solely to the public, but that public includes every nation of the Continent and the United States of America. Art is the common language of all the peoples of the World.

THE UNIVERSAL EXHIBITION.—It will not be our business—certainly not for the present—to point out the faults of the Exhibition, nor to comment on the shortcomings of the Imperial Commission, if there be any, as it is generally alleged there are. No doubt the Imperial Commission have terrible difficulties to encounter—serious obstacles which they may find it impossible to remove. Our comments hereafter may be free and full; we are, at least, independent; we have no favour to ask, and, therefore, none to expect, from either the Imperial Commission of France or the Royal Commission of England; and our subscribers may be assured that we shall discharge our duty without the sway of either. We have no interest to consult except that of THE PUBLIC; and while we shall earnestly strive to conciliate as far as possible, to aid heartily in rendering all classes content—above all, in strengthening the bond of Union that happily unites England with France—we have neither love nor fear to direct or control us in any course we may consider it right to adopt.

THE ESTIMATED COST TO ENGLAND of exhibiting British works in Paris is £150,000—just that amount more than the country expended on the International Exhibitions of 1851 and 1862. Parliament, very reluctantly, authorised a grant of £116,000, but the sum required will be much larger.* As no one in the House of Commons pretended even to guess how that enormous sum is to be expended, and as knowledge on the subject is, for the present, confined to the "authorities" at South Kensington, we are, of course, unable to do more than the British Government will do, viz., abide the issue, narrowly watch the proceedings, and report the result. That will be our duty, as it will be the duty of Parliament. Fierce, angry, and indignant debates in the House elicited no information; neither the present, nor the late, Government was "responsible;" neither gave "orders." "Who is responsible?"—the question was asked by many Members, some of whom professed to be of the Commission, yet they knew nothing about it. One member de-

* The *Times* correspondent affirms that the cost will not be less than £200,000.

manded to know "what is the executive?" and was answered, "the Secretary of the Department of Science and Art," with his "staff" of South Kensington. Something like a pledge was given that, hereafter, the accounts will be examined. We undertake to say there will be no examination—at least none with a view to arrive at facts; that Parliament will merely have to pay the bill, and need trouble itself no further in the matter. Meanwhile, a sort of estimate has been published; it is, however, nothing more than a mass of "guess-work."

EXCLUSION OF PRIZES.—An outcry has been raised in every country, not excepting France, against a decision of the Imperial Commission, excluding from eligibility for prizes, all contributors whose works were not in the building by a specified day, which, the *Times* correspondent affirms, would be to exclude "ninety per cent. of the exhibitors." We hope and expect that before this *Journal* is in the hands of the public the resolution of the Commissioners will have been reconsidered and rescinded; but we add ours to the universal protest of the public and the press of All Nations, against a decision so manifestly unjust. Had the notice been given six months ago, it might have been reasonable, but issued as it was a few weeks only before the opening, its effect can be only evil.*

THE NEWSPAPERS have kept the public well informed as regards all matters connected with the progress of the Exhibition; and the general impression they convey is, that although opened to day, the 1st of May will arrive before it is completed, and that even then many of the most precious "exhibits" will not have been "in position." Such, however, has been the case with every exhibition that has taken place during the century. The enormous size of the structure in the Champ de Mars has created difficulties against which England had not to contend in 1851 and 1862. Correspondents of all the English journals, we lament to say, unite in describing the British division as conspicuous rather for bad than for good taste. The *Times* correspondent especially describes it as deplorable, concluding his remarks in these warning words:—"In the presence of what I fear will be our failure, the inquiry is likely to be repeated, 'How has the money gone when only such a result as this is produced?'"

[The agents (*Commissionnaires Expéditeurs*) who transact our business in PARIS, are Messrs. CHENEY AND JOHNSON, 53, Rue de Lafayette, and 67, Lower Thames Street, London. They have large experience, occupy a high position, are practical men of business, and entitled to all confidence. Many of our readers may, therefore, thank us for this reference to an "aid" they will probably require, especially with regard to the transmission of parcels to and fro. They are in connection with the Midland Railway Company; and are enabled greatly to facilitate the carriage and punctual delivery of goods. We are fully justified in endorsing the statement they have put forth:—"The public has now a complete combined railway systems of through rates for goods, whilst the Paris office affords valuable information and facility to the forwarding public in reference to all matters appertaining to foreign and English goods traffic. During the period of the Paris Exhibition this establishment can render great services to persons having business transactions and interests connected with it, whilst at all times the public can enjoy the benefits of economy arising out of the fact of a large railway system undertaking to use all intermediate routes in reference to their expense and speed."]

* "This most despotic order was only issued some ten days before the 1st of March, at the very time when the delays of the exhibitors, the still greater delays of the railways, and the sudden overflow of the Seine, rendered it almost impossible to get any heavy goods to Paris at all."—*Times*.

SELECTED PICTURES.

FROM THE COLLECTION OF THOMAS ROBINSON, LINDYDALE, BIRKENHEAD.

THE SISTERS.

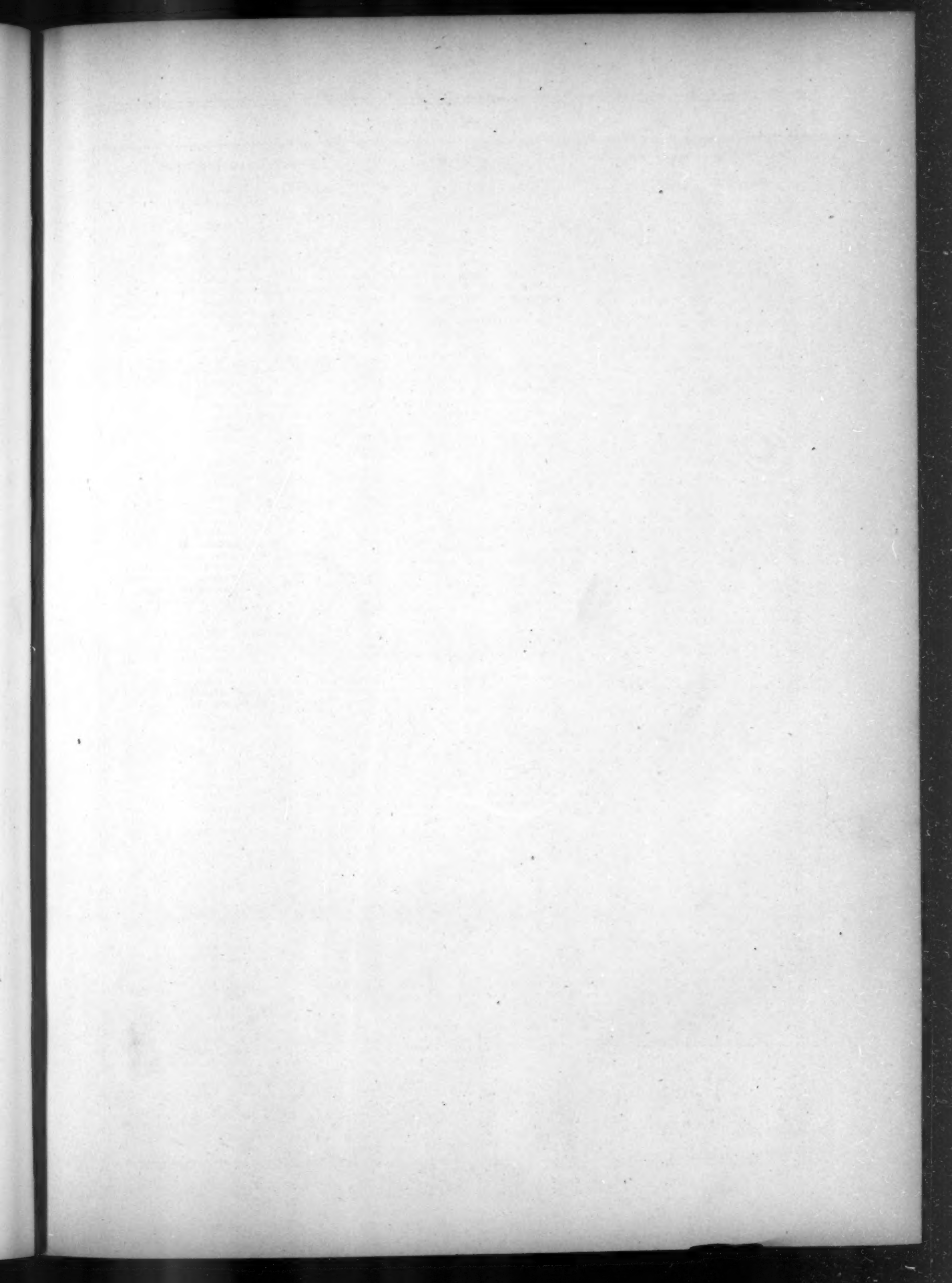
G. Smith, Painter.

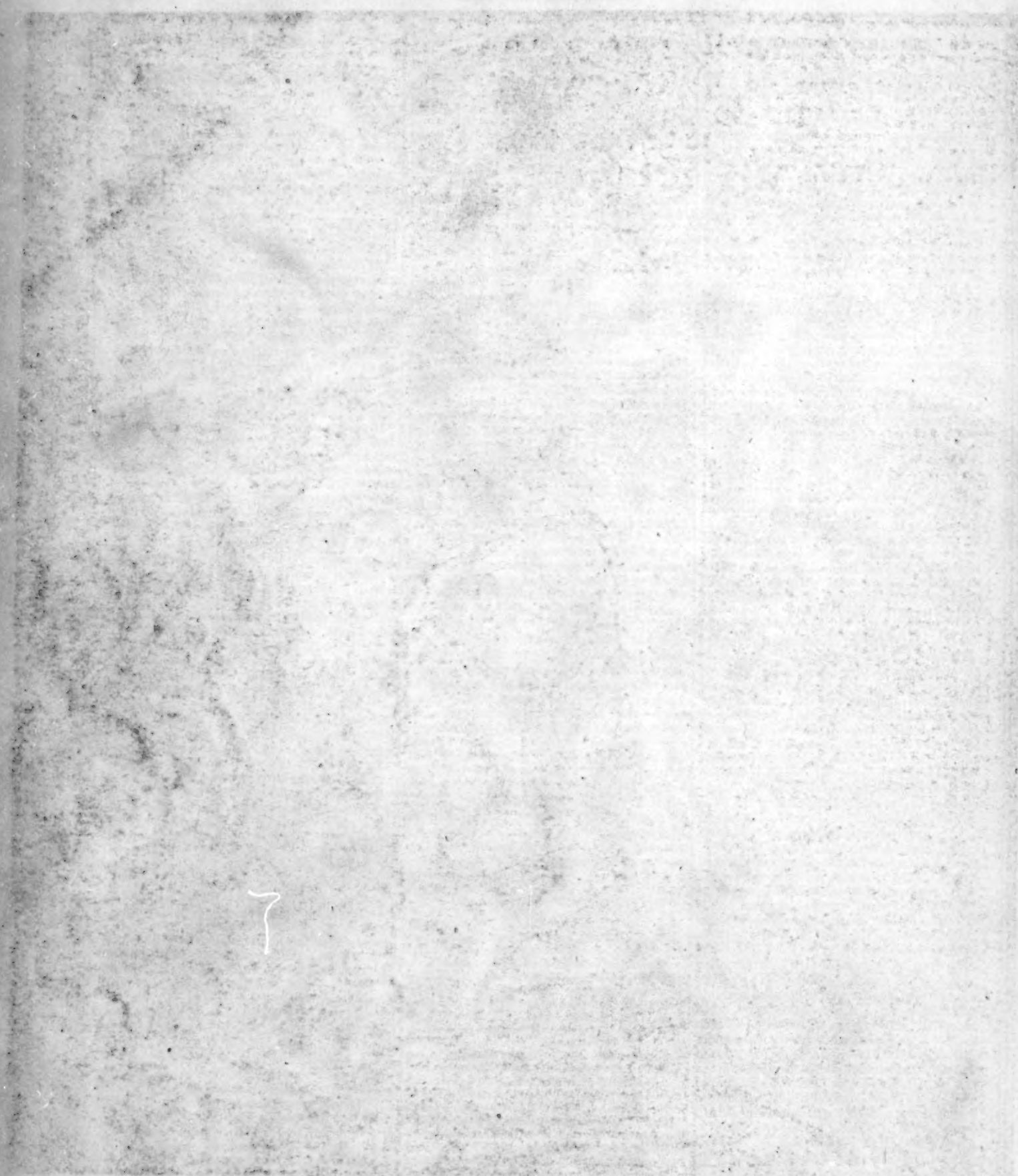
C. Cousen, Engraver.

We are indebted to Mr. Robinson for permission to engrave more than one example of the works which constitute his collection of cabinet-paintings—one that has been formed less from a desire to ornament his home with the productions of artists whose names are a sure passport to favour, than to surround himself with pictures that are most pleasing and attractive. Such is 'Gipsy Musicians,' by J. Phillip, R.A., engraved in our volume for 1865; and such, too, is 'The Sisters,' which is now introduced. We may remark, moreover, that this is not the first subject from the pencil of Mr. Smith which has appeared in our list of "Selected Pictures;" an engraving from his 'First Day of Oysters'—in the collection of another liberal patron of British Art, Mr. Bashall, of Preston—was published in our volume of 1863.

'The Sisters' was exhibited at the Royal Academy in 1860, under the title of 'Spring Time.' The name has been inadvertently changed by us, just as the picture itself showed a change from most of the artist's preceding works. It is a charming bit of rustic genre, a production of infinite sweetness in sentiment and treatment. From the meadows and the woods these young girls have culled a lapful of the brightest and gayest wild-flowers, and now each is performing for the other the office of "dresser," judging from the manner in which the toilet of one is completed, the coronal gracefully woven into the hair, there is no doubt both have had some experience in the art of personal adornment. The two heads are engaging in character, and are worked up to a high degree of finish; so indeed are the draperies, and the trunks of the noble group of trees, that throw their broad shadows across the grassy pathway: the peep of verdant landscape in the distance is also touched in with a delicate pencil. The whole picture, in fact, is everywhere marked by careful, but not too minute, manipulation.

We have remarked that this work differs in character from many of the artist's antecedent productions, which partake of the humorous. Of these we may point out 'The Launch,' two or three boys launching a younger companion, seated in a tub, on the waters of a broad meadow-brook. A capital picture in every way, richly coloured, and with a breadth of pure daylight. 'Bob-cherry' shows a group of children assembled on a village-green under some trees, from which is suspended the coveted but not easily-procured fruit, at which each in his turn makes a "bob," in hope of carrying away. 'Dancing Dolls,' again a group of village children entertained by an itinerant Italian boy exhibiting his puppets. 'The Photographer,' who is adjusting his camera in a village, whose entire juvenile population seems to have come forth to see and marvel at the unwonted phenomenon. 'Rather Fractious,' a child exhibiting strong repugnance to undergo the ablutions to which its mother would subject it. All these works and many others we could point out, bear full evidence of Mr. Smith's perception of character, and his careful manner of putting his conceptions on canvas.







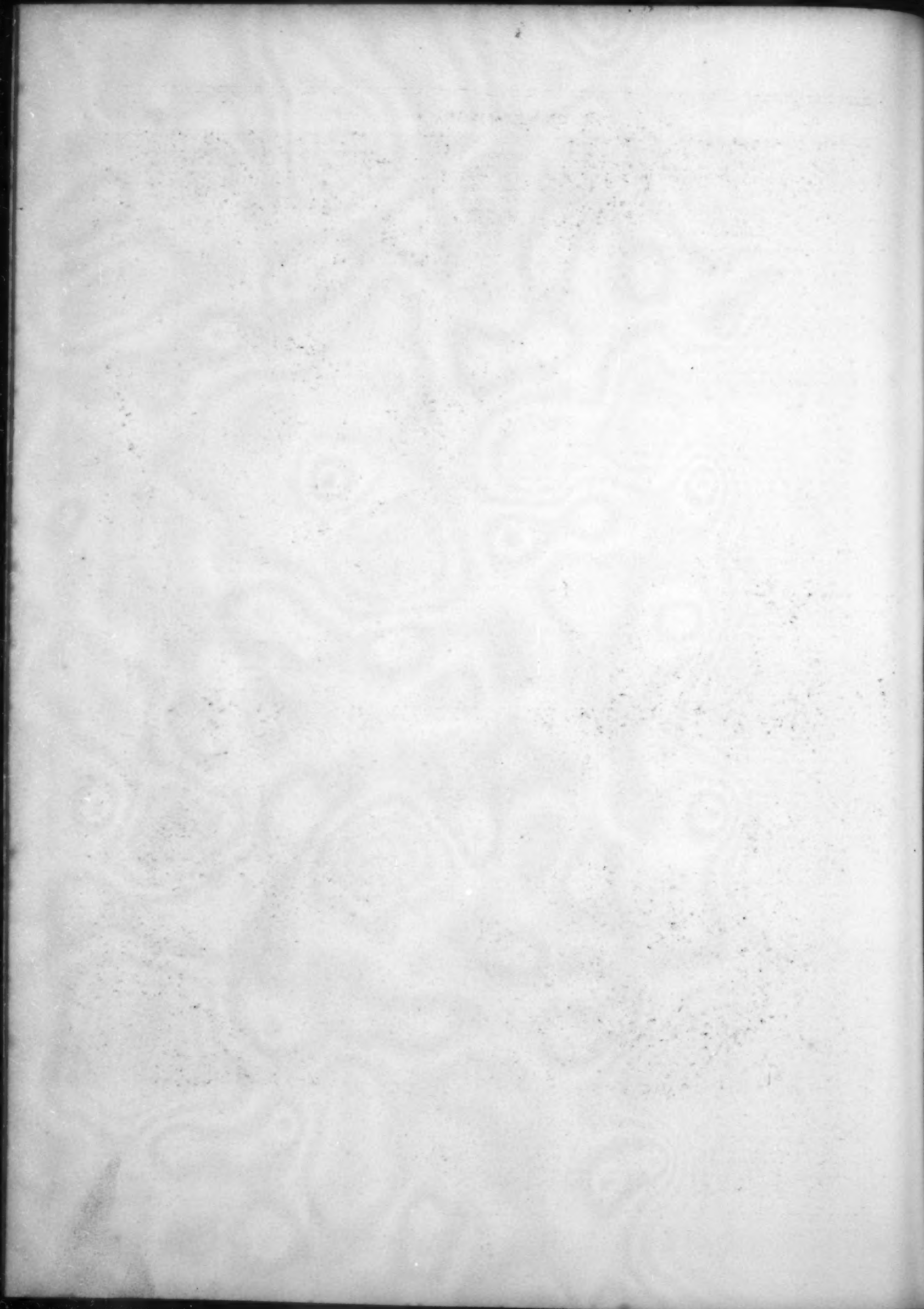
G. SMITH, PINXT

C. COUSEN, SCULPT

THE SISTERS.

FROM THE COLLECTION OF THOMAS ROBINSON, ESQ. LINGDALE, BIRKENHEAD.

LONDON, VIRTUE & CO



THE ROYAL ARMORY OF ENGLAND.

BY CHARLES BOUTELL, M.A.

CHAPTER I.—INTRODUCTORY.

THE Royal Armory of England comprehends two distinct yet closely associated groups of heraldic Figures, Devices, and Compositions; and the insignia which compose these two groups require to be arranged in several classes.

I. The first group comprises:—(1.) first, the armorial insignia of all the SOVEREIGNS REGNANT, from the dawn of a true Heraldry in England to the present day; (2.) secondly, the insignia of ROYAL CONSORTS throughout the same period; and (3.) thirdly, armorial ensigns that have been assigned to certain SAINTED PERSONAGES holding high historical rank in England; and to PRINCES who flourished before the true heraldic era.

II. In the second group are placed:—(1.) first, the insignia of the PRINCES of the Blood Royal of England, also throughout the heraldic period; (2.) secondly, the insignia of the CONSORTS of these PRINCES; and (3.) thirdly, the insignia of the PRINCESSES of England, together with those of their Consorts.

These insignia include:—The CROWN; CORONETS; SHIELDS and BANNERS of ARMS; CRESTS; SUPPORTERS; BADGES; MOTTOES; and HELMS, with the CAP of ESTATE, and MANTLING.

In the series of papers now commenced in the pages of the *Art-Journal*, it is proposed to write what I venture to describe as a history of this "Royal Armory of England." And, as my object is not only to provide for students of Heraldry what they may regard as a complete and trustworthy monograph upon a most important and pre-eminently interesting subject, but also to submit information on the same subject to those readers who have not included heraldry within the range of their researches, to the heraldic blazoning of shields and armorial ensigns, I shall add plain and brief descriptions, without the use of any technical phraseology.

The examples introduced as illustrations, in every instance will be drawn and engraved, under my own direction and superintendence, from original contemporary authorities; and the greatest care will be taken to render each illustration an example of the *heraldic art* of its own period, as well as a faithful exponent of certain armorial blazonry. My statements, also, and descriptions, in like manner, as I desire it to be most distinctly understood, will invariably be based upon precisely the same positive authority of the Great Seals of the Realm, the *Secreta*, or Personal Seals of Individual Princes, Rolls and official Records of Arms, original Shields and other heraldic works in sculpture and enamel, &c.

The word "England" I use here in a twofold acceptance, 'to imply, on the one hand, the realm of England properly so called, or Britain south of the Tweed, as distinguished from north Britain, or Scotland; and, on the other hand, to denote not only the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, but also the entire British Empire.

The Royal Arms—the Royal Armorial Shield, that is, with its associated Accessories—are distinguished in a peculiar manner from all other heraldic insignia, precisely as the kingly office distinguishes a Sovereign Prince from all other ranks of men, and exalts him above them. While they declare the personal individuality of a Prince, these Arms, with emphatic significance, symbolise his Royalty as a PRINCE REGNANT. These Royal Arms, accordingly, are inseparable from the rank and office of Royalty; and they can be borne by no person whatsoever, except by the Sovereign. Heraldic law, also, positively forbids the Royal Arms to be *quartered* (or introduced with other arms to take a part in forming a compound heraldic composition), under any circumstances whatever; unless, indeed, the Prince or Princess claiming a right to quarter the Royal Arms might be able to advance a title to the Crown itself, as in the remarkable instance of the PRINCESS ELIZABETH PLANTAGENET, daughter of EDWARD IV., and Queen Consort of

HENRY VII. In like manner, as in the persons of Sovereigns all minor ranks and titles are merged in their Royalty, so whatever arms they may have borne before their accession are merged in their Royal Arms, and absorbed by them; and thus the Sovereign never quarters any other arms with the Royal Arms.

When married, a Sovereign Regnant declares and records the alliance so formed by means of a second coat of arms, marshalled (or arranged) as follows, for that express purpose. A shield



Fig. 1.



Fig. 2.

is divided *per pale*, as in Fig. 1, and the entire Royal Arms are blazoned on the dexter half, A, of the shield so divided; and the entire arms of the Prince or Princess Consort are blazoned on the sinister half of the shield, B. Or, the shield might be divided *quarterly*, as in Fig. 2; in which case the entire Royal Arms would be repeated in the first and fourth quarters, A, A, and the allied arms repeated in like manner in the second and third quarters, B, B. The former arrangement, however (shown in Fig. 1), by impalement, is more generally adopted, and it is much to be preferred, since it is in strict conformity with habitual heraldic usage. With this impaled (or quartered) shield, the Sovereign marshals the same Crown, Supporters, Crest, and other accessories which accompany the Royal Shield itself.

PRINCES of the Blood Royal bear the Royal Arms, with the addition of some figures or devices, entitled "Differences," which are introduced for the purpose of declaring the relation of these Princes to the Sovereign and to one another; while at the same time they distinguish in a decided manner every differentiated Shield from the Royal Arms. Remote descendants from Sovereigns, who may rightly and consistently declare their Royal descent after an heraldic fashion, quarter the Royal Arms with such Difference as will denote their own special branch of the Royal line, and also with such other secondary Difference as may distinguish them amongst themselves.

In the case of PRINCESSES, Daughters of the Sovereign, until a comparatively recent period, it was held to be a sufficient distinction that the Royal Arms should be borne by them, while unmarried, charged upon a *Lozenge* (Fig. 3), instead of a shield, without any Crest, and with their own Coronet in the place of the Royal Crown; and, after their marriage, the PRINCESSES of England used to impale the Royal Arms of their father without Difference on the sinister side (Fig. 1, B), with the Arms of their husband on the dexter side (Fig. 1, A). More recently, the PRINCESSES, whether unmarried or married, have differentiated the Royal Arms in the same manner as the Princes.



Fig. 3.

The Lion, that for nearly seven centuries has been the symbol of England's Royalty, was not only the favourite beast with the early Heralds of our country, but he also was almost the only one that they introduced into their blazon. And the heraldic artists of those days, who knew but little of living lions, considered that the only natural and proper attitude for their lions was "*rampant*"—erect, that is, looking intently before them towards their prey, and in the act of preparing to deliver their formidable spring. To a lion in this attitude, accordingly, the early Heralds applied his true title, and they blazoned him as "a lion." But, when they were required, whether for variety and distinction or with whatsoever object, to represent him as in the act of walking, having his head either in profile, as before, or so placed as to look outwards from the field of the shield towards the spectator—in this case the early Heralds, considering the attitude of the creature to be *leopardish* rather than *lionish*, entitled the royal beast "a *Leopard*." Hence, the Lions of the Royal Shield of England were habitually blazoned as "*Leopards*," until the fourteenth century was far advanced; then, at length,

whatever his attitude and his action, the Lion of Heraldry received his true name, which he has retained under all circumstances until our own times, various epithets having been adopted to describe with heraldic accuracy and precision the varied conditions under which he may appear in blazon. It must be added, that in early times the idea of any debasement of honour being associated with the distinctive heraldic title of "*Leopard*," when applied to the Lions of England, was altogether unknown. The English Lions were called heraldic "*Leopards*" as well by the Sovereigns, the Nobles, and the Heralds of England, as by any other persons; and even when they came to be called "*Lions*," so strong was the influence of old association, that these *Lions of England*, and other lions that, like them, were represented as in the act of walking, were entitled for a while "*lions leopardés*." In blazoning the Lions of the Royal Shield of England I shall always style them "*Lions*." These particular Lions, three in number, golden, on a "*field*" or ground of red, are in the attitude of walking, having three paws on the ground and one forepaw (the "*dexter*" or right) elevated, and they look out from the shield; their attitude is described in herald language as "*passant guardant*;" and they are placed "*in pale*"—vertically one above another. The Lion Supporter of the Royal Arms, erect, and looking towards the spectator, is blazoned "*rampant guardant*;" and the Lion Crest, standing and looking in the same direction, is "*statant guardant*."

I may here state that gold, silver, and the colours blue, red, and black, in heraldic language, are severally entitled "*or*," "*argent*," "*azure*," "*gules*," and "*sable*;" that the upper part of an heraldic shield is the "*chief*," and the lower the "*base*;" that the "*dexter*" (right) and "*sinister*" (left) sides of a shield respectively cover the right and left sides of a person who may be supposed to hold the shield, and therefore are opposite to the left and right sides of persons who look at the shield; and also that the term "*blazon*," or "*blazoning*," denotes both the verbal description of armorial insignia, and their representation with or without colour.

The true heraldic era of the Royal Armory of England commences with the reign of RICHARD I., A.D. 1189—1199. Regular armorial insignia, however, have been assigned to the immediate predecessors of the lion-hearted king, and even to those Saxon princes who ruled in England before the Norman conquest; but the earliest of these shields were unquestionably devised at a period not earlier than the reign of HENRY III., and then assigned to the Saxon princes. And, after the Conquest, the traditional assumption of the "two golden lions of his Norman duchy" by WILLIAM I., as the arms of his kingdom of England, is supported by no certain historical evidence. It is said—but the unsupported assertion must be estimated only by its own intrinsic value—that the same arms—two golden lions passant guardant on a field gules—were borne by WILLIAM's successors until the year 1154, when, on his accession, HENRY II. is supposed to have added the one golden lion of Aquitaine, in right of ALIENORE of Aquitaine, his queen, to his own (also supposed) hereditary royal shield. Sometimes STEPHEN, in the same uncertain manner, is considered to have borne on a red shield three "*Sagittaries*," or golden centaurs, armed with bows and arrows; and it has been conjectured that this idea may have been derived from the apparently authenticated fact of the "*Sagittary*" having been STEPHEN's badge, which was mistaken for the charge borne on a regular shield of arms.

From the time of RICHARD I. the "three golden lions passant guardant on a red field" have continued to be, as still they are, the armorial ensigns of the realm of England. Since that time they have been associated upon the royal shield with other insignia and heraldic compositions—the Fleur-de-lis of France, the "ruddy Lion" rampant of Scotland, the Harp of Ireland, and others also. These changes in the blazonry of the Royal Shield, I shall describe and illustrate in my succeeding chapters.

MINOR TOPICS OF THE MONTH.

THE ROYAL ACADEMY.—Mr. John Linnell declined the honour proffered for his acceptance—admission among the Associates of the Royal Academy. Mr. Linnell is now an aged man; he has achieved fame and fortune without aid of the letters R.A. Had the proposal been made to him fifty, twenty, or ten, years ago, he would probably have accepted it; and certainly his works then were as excellent as they are now. He was fully entitled to professional preferment when it might have been useful to him. It is notorious that his paintings, for a very long period, failed to find purchasers. He had, indeed, to struggle against adverse circumstances until past middle age. Among his first "patrons," and that is not twenty years ago, was Mr. Vernon, who purchased from the walls of the British Institution his picture, 'The Storm,' for the sum of forty pounds. It would now bring eight hundred pounds at a public sale. Fortunate are they who "invest" early in the works of a man of genius, and do not wait until "dealers" have reaped and gathered in the harvest.

ARTISTS' GENERAL BENEVOLENT INSTITUTION.—The fifty-second annual report of this institution has been issued. The President and Council congratulate the subscribers on the continued success of the charity, whose claims on public support we have often urged. Its total net income for last year was about £1,720, of which more than half was subscribed at the annual dinner. Among the receipts we notice the sum of £44 6s., from Madame Sainton-Dolby, being part of a sum returned from the "Sheffield Inundation Fund," the result of a concert given in aid of that charity. The disbursement among distressed artists and for assisting widows and orphans—sixty-seven cases in all—amounted to £1,200; and £144 6s., have been added to the funded property of the institution, which now has reached £19,329. The report refers to the offer by a gentleman, through Mr. Agnew, of Manchester, to bestow land and to build a house capable of holding fifty orphan children, and to make the whole over as a gift to the Institution, on condition that its friends should raise a sufficient sum for the endowment of the School. A Committee of the Council (with the addition of Mr. Agnew) has been appointed to consider the best means of carrying out this proposal. Sir Francis Grant, P.R.A., has undertaken the office of President of the Institution, vacant by the death of Sir C. L. Eastlake. The annual dinner takes place on the 18th of May.

THE NEW WESTERN FACE OF THE SCREEN in Westminster Abbey, between the Choir and the Confessor's Chapel, is making great and most satisfactory progress under the direction of Mr. G. G. Scott, R.A. The removal of some of the plaster from the main piers of the choir, in order to set up the beautiful new work in alabaster and marble, disclosed very singular relics of early decoration, in the form of shields of arms, blazoned in colour on paper, the paper being attached to the purbeck shafts of the main piers. Two of these shields were certainly charged with the royal arms, as they were borne between the years 1340 and 1405-6. The red of the field of the second and third quarters of these shields was found to be fresh and vivid; the blue of the other quarters had almost faded away; but the gold of the lions and the *fleurs-de-lis* was in a comparatively good condition.

THE BRITISH INSTITUTION closed its doors on the 16th of March, and as then understood, finally. If this be really so, the absence of the Old Masters will form a blank in the exhibitions of the season, for which, with its varied features, no modern exhibition can compensate. With respect to the exhibition of modern Art, certainly the management of that might be remodelled so as to win back the confidence of the entire profession. The highest price the owners of the property could hope to receive for the premises would be for the construction of a club-house on the site; but that is impossible, according to the usual necessities and conveniences of clubs, for the rooms are so shut in on all sides that none but sky-lights are practicable—the rooms are therefore suitable only for the display of pictures. The value of the pictures sold this year is £1,360.

THE COST OF A REMBRANDT ETCHING.—The following singular statement has been extensively circulated, relative to an etching by Rembrandt, sold by public auction:—"Christ Healing the Sick"—a magnificent impression, undoubtedly the finest known, on Japanese paper, with large margin, and in the most perfect condition. It was originally obtained, with a large number of his finest works, from Rembrandt himself, by J. P. Zomers, who sold them to Signor Zanetti, a distinguished amateur of Venice. It remained in the possession of his descendants until early in the present century, when Baron Denon purchased the entire collection of engravings and etchings. At his sale, in 1826, the works of Rembrandt were bought in one lot by Messrs. Woodburn. This print subsequently became the property of Baron Verstolk, of Amsterdam, and when his collection was dispersed in 1847, Sir Charles Price obtained it at the cost of £200. It was exhibited at Manchester in 1857, and at the Law Institution in 1862. Not more than eight impressions in this state are known. First, the one above described; two are in the British Museum; the fourth is in Mr. Holford's possession; the fifth now belongs to the Duke of Buccleuch; the sixth is in the Bibliothèque Impériale, Paris; the seventh is in the Imperial Library, Vienna, having an inscription in Rembrandt's handwriting on the back, to the effect that it was the seventh taken from the plate; and the eighth is in the Museum at Amsterdam. This extraordinary print was put up at the price of £200, and after a long and animated competition it was finally adjudged to C. J. Palmer, Esq., of Bedford Row, at the enormous sum of £1,180—eleven hundred and eighty pounds! We know that what is rare as well as good will always bring, as it ought to bring, a large price; but it seems something very like insanity to expend so great a sum for the possession of such a work—fine and "curious" though it may be.

THE SOCIETY OF PAINTERS in Water-Colours closed its winter Exhibition of Sketches on March the 23rd. The number of works contributed was 418, of which 242 were sold—thus the success on the late occasion was nearly equal to that of last year, although the times have been by no means favourable to artists. The drawings for the summer Exhibition will be received on the 14th inst.

'THE SILKS AND SATINS OF THE FIELD,' is the title of a picture to be seen at Messrs. Moore and Co.'s, 10, Fenchurch Street. The artist is Mr. B. Herring, and his work represents, at a certain point, the steep chase that was run last year for the Liverpool Cup. Some of the leaders of the race

are taking a fence with a ditch behind it, some have passed it; but a fine black horse has not succeeded in clearing it, and is struggling half in the trench directly in the track of those behind. The picture will be highly interesting to sporting men. The proprietors propose publishing an engraving from it.

THE INSTITUTE OF PAINTERS in Water-Colours closed its gallery on the 15th of March. There were 528 sketches and studies, of which 250 were sold. On the 29th of April the summer Exhibition will be opened.

THE EXHIBITION which was recently closed at 120, Pall Mall, is the last which Mr. Gambart will hold as Director of a public gallery. He has been now for many years favourably known to the public as having popularised a knowledge of, and a taste for, foreign Art; and it is due to him to acknowledge that but for his energy many very distinguished continental artists would have been known in England only by name. In the French Gallery have appeared, from time to time, some of the choicest productions of Meissonier, Edouard Frère, Rosa Bonheur, Gerôme, Troyon, Henriette Brown, Ruiperez, and, indeed, examples of nearly all the rising members, and of many of the veterans, of the French and Belgian schools. From these exhibitions the public has derived much gratification, and the profession of Art some profit. We cannot, therefore, contemplate the retirement of Mr. Gambart without due recognition of the good service he has performed in this direction.

THE PORTRAIT of the Queen which has been executed by Messrs. Dickinson, for presentation to Mr. Peabody, is now finished. It is an enamel on a gold plate, showing her Majesty seated. She wears a black dress trimmed with ermine, crossed by the ribbon of the Garter. From the head, on each side, falls a veil, which also assists a headdress of the Mary Stuart form, the whole being surmounted by a diamond tiara. The portrait is in an oval gilt frame, let into a larger square frame, fitted with dark maroon cloth, so as to relieve the ornaments, which consist principally of the arms of England and America. The destination of this work is Boston, where Mr. Peabody purposes erecting a room for its reception.

AT THE GERMAN GALLERY are to be seen three large pictures called 'The Dolomites,' the subjects being passages of rocky scenery illustrative of the crystal-like forms assumed by the magnesian limestone called dolomite, as it appears in the Tyrol and elsewhere. The pictures show respectively Monte Marmarolo, as seen from near Auronzo; Monte Tofano, Tyrol; and Monte Civita, as seen from the Lago Alleghe. The peaks are represented as in the spring, while they are yet mantled in snow. As local and picturesque studies, it is impossible to speak too highly of these works. The seasons, the hours of the day, the character of a mountainous district, and, above all, the prominent geological features of the subjects are very accurately rendered.

THE NEW NATIONAL GALLERY.—When it was determined that the National Gallery should remain in Trafalgar Square, the plans for the erection of the new building on the site of Burlington House were abandoned, and Messrs. Banks and Barry, the architects, are compensated for their designs by a provision of £1,575 in the supplementary estimates; in which are also included four sums of £200 to each of the four architects, and £105 to the surveyor who attended the committee of judges.

JOHN PHILLIP, R.A.—The loss of this admirable artist and estimable man will be deplored as a public calamity. The place he occupied cannot be filled by any one of his associates in Art; in some respects he surpassed them all; and as he had hardly passed the middle age of life, a great future seemed, according to human calculation, to be certainly before him. We postpone a biography to our next number.

THE WINTER EXHIBITIONS, which have been held at the French Gallery, and in Suffolk Street, are now closed, and henceforward there will be only one of these exhibitions, which will be opened at the French Gallery, under the direction of Mr. Wallis.

THOMAS STOTHARD, R.A.—A proposal has been issued to "commission" a bust of this great artist, to be placed in the National Gallery. Few men of the past are more worthy of honour.

BUST OF THE LATE M. COUSIN.—The Emperor has commissioned Mr. Munro, the Scotch sculptor, to execute a bust of M. Cousin for the French Academy. Mr. Munro commenced the portrait of the deceased at Cannes, and took a cast of the face after death.

MR. OCTAVIUS OAKLEY.—This artist, long a member of the Society of Painters in Water-Colours, died at his residence at Bayswater, on the 1st of March. The subjects of his pictures were principally rustic figures, either single or in groups; and those who admire a vigorous and bold style of painting, amounting sometimes almost to coarseness, must have been delighted with his works. They were, however, very true to nature in feeling and sentiment. Latterly he exhibited some good landscapes. Mr. Oakley at the time of his death was in his sixty-seventh year.

MARK ANTONY LOWER, M.A., F.S.A.—There are few men of Letters who have laboured so hard or so earnestly or with results so practically useful as the gentleman whose name we print. His services to Archaeology have been continuous during many years. They have been generally given to the public, for such knowledge as he gathered so largely to disseminate so liberally is never profitable. Mr. Lower has long been an "authority" whom many writers and thinkers consulted—always with a beneficial result. He has printed a vast deal, and thrown light upon many important and interesting subjects; but his books show only a comparatively small amount of his labour—with the pencil and the pen. Moreover, no man is more thoroughly esteemed and respected. There are many classes, as well as individuals, who are largely indebted to him; and we trust that many will aid a project set on foot by some of his friends—Roach Smith, Halliwell, Sir Bernard Burke, Thomas Wright, and others—to present to him a Testimonial, in record of his private worth and public services. The honorary secretary is Henry Campkin, Esq., F.S.A., 104, Pall Mall.

MR. LEAR'S DRAWINGS.—A large, interesting, and excellent collection of works by this artist is exhibited at McLean's gallery in the Haymarket. The catalogue numbers two hundred and twelve drawings, every one of which is elaborately finished. Many of the subjects are well known; they are principally in France, Italy, Dalmatia, Greece, Turkey, Malta, Egypt, the Holy Land, and Syria. They are all comparatively small, such as could be easily portable by an artist continually on the move. Some of these that will at once strike the visitor, are Thermopylae, Sparta, two views

of Athens, one in which the Acropolis seems dominated by mountains, and another in which it is a principal feature; there are also Joannina, Ithaca, Corinth, Corfu, Zante at Malta, the Valley of Rocks, Valetta, many views in Venice, and a variety in the Campagna of Rome.

THE SUBJECT of the new painted window in St. Paul's is the Conversion of St. Paul. As soon as it was known that the late Mr. Winston was requested to give his valuable assistance in realising the project, it was certain that the design would be according to modern taste, and the appointment of Schnorr to make the drawings confirmed that opinion. One remarkable principle in ancient glass-painting seems to be the exclusion of light; but here the utmost amount of light is admitted. The subject should have been determinable from under the dome, which it is not, because the length of the window has necessitated two compositions of what, in this case, must be called small figures. The details of the painting are indistinct, and the lower plane of figures cannot be satisfactorily seen, in consequence of the obstruction of a gallery railing in front of it. This, the West window, is the gift of Mr. Thomas Brown, and was first projected in 1861. The central and principal East windows will be presented by the Drapers' Company.

PETER VON CORNELIUS.—The great artist is dead; "full of years and honours" he has left earth. He was a great light of the age, and has had vast influence on Art.

THE FINE ARTS QUARTERLY REVIEW last published contains a long and elaborate article, by Mr. G. Scharf, on the portrait of Richard II., known as the "Westminster Portrait" of that monarch, from its having till recently been in the Jerusalem Chamber. Since it was exhibited last year at South Kensington the picture has undergone careful restoration by Mr. Merritt, under the superintendence of Mr. G. Richmond, R.A., a process which showed that much of the original work had been painted over, but leading to no discovery of the name of the artist or the date of its execution. Some preceding writers give the latter as about 1390.

MOTHER-OF-PEARL PAPER is one of the prettiest novelties of the kind we have seen. The effect of mother-of-pearl is produced by a certain deposit laid on the surface of ordinary paper or cardboard, which may be of any colour. Nothing can be more elegant for the various purposes to which ornamental paper is usually applied by manufacturers: especially is it adapted for visiting, invitation, and other cards. The invention is, we believe, French; but it may be procured of Messrs. Bowles and Gardiner, who are the sole agents and licensees for its sale in this country.

THE GRAPHIC.—On the evening of the 13th of February, the collection of pictures and drawings was the most interesting that has yet been exhibited this season. Much attention was attracted by a water-colour drawing by Mr. W. C. Thomas, the subject of which was 'Dante and Beatrice,' from the *Paradiso*. In celestial brightness the latter impersonation far exceeds every conception of the character we have before seen. By Gerôme, the now famous pupil of Delaroche, there was one of the most marvellous drawings ever seen, the subject 'The Nile Boat,' and 'Duncan Gray,' by J. Phillip, R.A.; 'An Eastern Sunset,' F. Dillon; Holman Hunt's picture of 'London Bridge,' and a small replica of his 'Light of the World,' a picture, with a study of Fontainebleau scenery, by C. Lucy; some remarkable drawings in charcoal by T. M.

Richardson; and pictures and drawings by Dobson, Frost, Duncan, Teniswood, Smallfield, Holland, Henriette Brown, J. Ward, R.A., G. Hicks, J. Hearne (1792), Gilbert, John Varley, Troyon, &c. &c.—Mr. Henry Murray, F.S.A., a gentleman in every way fitted for the post, has been elected secretary of this society, in the room of Mr. C. Atkinson, who for many years has held the office to the entire satisfaction of the members.

MESSRS. LOCK AND WHITFIELD have prepared seven portraits of the Prince and Princess of Wales respectively, for the Great French Exhibition. Two of these show the Princess standing, the figures being somewhat large for what may be called miniature, as they measure about eighteen inches. There is a third full-length figure, but in the others the Princess is seated. There is only one miniature of the Prince of Wales, who is sitting, and holds a fowling-piece in his right hand. In several of the portraits of the Princess, Prince Victor is also painted. In one of these the child is on his mother's lap; both are in white dresses, and the effect of the white lace and the very delicate flesh tints is such that nothing more brilliant can be conceived.

THE BRITISH ARCHAEOLOGICAL ASSOCIATION will this year hold its congress at Ludlow, Shropshire, in which district exists a large field for the prosecution of the respective studies constituting this interesting science. To all acquainted with the remains and traditions of the locality, the meeting promises to be one of unusual interest; its associations with "Comus" are familiar to all; and it is anticipated that Sir Charles Boughton, president of the congress—to whom the neighbourhood has long been a special study—will devote one day during the visit to an exploration of the adjoining woods, memorable as the scene of Milton's masque. The constant increase in the ranks of this body is an evidence of the growing tone of such pursuits, the conservative tendency of which cannot be too highly valued at a time when so many memorials of by-gone ages are rapidly passing away. It is to be hoped the meeting will not separate without visiting the recently exhumed Roman town of Uriconium (Wroxeter), through the remains of which Mr. Thomas Wright, who has long laboured therein, would doubtless act as *cicerone* on the occasion.

VALENTINES.—Art has done little for these love-tokens during the year past; the shop windows, at least, have given us no evidence of advance. We are bound to except three or four that Mr. RIMMEL has issued—of course, with a view to his own peculiar trade, into which unquestionably he has introduced marvellous improvements, his common cards being often valuable works of pure Art. Those to which we more immediately refer are chromo-lithographs, drawn by Jules Chéret, an artist of great ability, for whom we should much like to find employment in England. These valentines are serio-comic; they are full of point and humour; figures dressed in ancient and picturesque costumes, but drawn with the utmost skill, and coloured with the nicest accuracy. They are indeed beautiful Art-works, that might find places in refined collections.

HISTORIC DEVICES AND BADGES.—In the last paper on this subject a clerical error occurred, which we have been asked to correct. The quotation from Burns was inadvertently printed "The rough-born thistle," instead of "The rough *burn*-thistle."

REVIEWS.

ÜBER KÜNSTLER UND KUNSTWERKE. Von HERMAN GRIMM. Published by FERD. DÜMLER, Verlagsbuchhandlung, Berlin.

This periodical, which has now entered the third year of its existence, differs from its contemporaries, inasmuch as it professes to treat only of the Art of past times. If the names of living artists occur in its pages, this only happens when their productions are in immediate association with Art-history; or are opposed to the taste of the day; but the expression of opinion on the works of living painters is avoided as a principle. Although so much has been written on the labours of the artists of past ages, the supply of material suggestive of new views seems inexhaustible; and the continued development of new facts unsettles much that has been accepted as incontrovertible truth. It cannot be doubted that this periodical supplies a desideratum; its contributions to the history of painting are, and promise further to be, of great value. As we have before us the issues of two years, we are not left to speculate as to how the field has been taken. In writing of the lives of men who have even been our contemporaries, we are often greatly at a loss to verify reported incidents; and find it often difficult to illustrate their labours. If therefore we are perplexed in arriving at the true colouring of lives which have terminated to-day, how much more so shall we be in describing those that ended yesterday? The impediments that beset us in our endeavours to do justice to men who have lived in our time, are multiplied in our attempts to mark out the careers of others whose term of life expired on the eve of the commencement of our own; and hence the uncertainty with which are determined in the twilight of earlier times new facts in the lives of those in reference to whom every authentic detail is of value. It is observed in the opening paper that there is no satisfactory biography of Leonardo da Vinci, and that a history of the colony of painters that was employed at the court of Francis I. would be instructive and interesting. Of the labours of these men much remains, but more, it is to be feared, has passed away; there are, however, chronicles existing that might add to our knowledge of them.

To us the most interesting article in these numbers is one in which are discussed, with great ability, circumstances relating to Holbein's arrival and abode in England. It has been for a long time known that the dates of some of the letters of Erasmus are not to be relied on, and ascertain of these documents attest important facts in the life of Holbein, the subject is entertained at great length, and considered with much acumen in all its bearings. In a letter written by Sir Thomas More to Erasmus, and dated December, 1525, Holbein is mentioned as being already in England, while a letter of introduction, dated in the autumn of 1526, supposes him to be only on the eve of departure for England. There are many disputed points in the life of this painter which it would be most desirable to have cleared up. Too much praise cannot be given to Herr Grimm for the ingenious and patient manner in which he has conducted his inquiry relative to the uncertainties of Holbein's early life. His work is illustrated, and the subjects generally have the interest of novelty, although treating of ancient Art. We cannot recommend it too highly to the thoughtful student.

LES FABLES DE LA FONTAINE. Illustrées par GUSTAVE DORÉ. Published by L. HACHETTE AND CO., London and Paris.

Are we never safe from M. Doré? Can we not peep within the boards of any new edition of writers whose works are ever new without finding the traces of his facile pencil on the leaves? Does his fancy revel over the whole world of fiction, at home alike with the knight of the woful countenance in the savage wilds of the Sierra Morena, with the amorini who peep from the rustic armour of the fifteenth century on the margins of the *Contes Drolatiques*,

and in the solemn calm of the even of the sixth day as it fell on Eden, the garden of God? Can the same artist hope to present us with the rich tropical growth of the dreary forest scenes of Atala, and to reflect the very flash of the diamonds that rolled on the golden circlet from beneath the hoof of Arthur's startled horse? Will the same fancy that presented from a new point of view the two men who went up to the temple to pray, be able at once to charm and to teach when dwelling on the lion in love or the monkey who knew Piramus? Can so pantigraphic an artist do more than multiply failures, becoming barren from sheer over fertility?

A reply to these questions, or an estimate of the real position of Gustave Doré as an artist, is not our present purpose. Let us suppose, for the moment, his name to be unknown to fame, and call attention only to the happy renderings under which the Fables of La Fontaine are now presented to those to whom the French tongue is unknown. The language in which the brute creation have counselled and satirised their human lords is older than the subdivision of the Aryan forms of speech. Before the seeds of the Sanscrit, the Greek, or the Teutonic tongues were sown, the sluggard had been counselled to take a lesson from the ant. The two charming scenes in which, in the first *livraison* of these illustrations, *La Cigale et la Fourmi* find graceful female representatives, illustrate the wisdom of Solomon no less than the wit of Æsop, and the sparkling verse of La Fontaine. We may take a later occasion to review the series now issuing weekly, at so moderate a price, from the Boulevard Saint Germain; but all who love children, and who seek to educate them wisely, will rejoice to avail themselves of the assistance of a mode of rendering fables in which the moral cannot be omitted, or even delegated to a separate clause at the end, after the good old repulsive fashion. Many of the larger plates are suited for the walls of the nursery. Happy are the children who may at once have the taste formed by contemplation of beautiful drawings, the mind opened to the teaching of nature, and the drier hours of the early study of French translation enlivened by such plates as '*Le Loup, la Mère, et l'Enfant*,' or '*Le Singe et le Dauphin*.' The illustration of La Fontaine bids fair to rank as the best service M. Doré has yet rendered to the world.

THE WORLD BEFORE THE DELUGE. By LOUIS FIGUIER. THE VEGETABLE WORLD; Being a History of Plants, with their Botanical Descriptions and Peculiar Properties. By LOUIS FIGUIER. Published by CHAPMAN AND HALL, London.

M. Figuier, the author of these two books, is an eminent French naturalist. The first-named volume has already reached a second edition, which now is before us. The primeval history of our earth, for such we may call the world as it existed before the Flood, is a subject which has often engaged the attention and the pens of our own men of science, but we have rarely found it discussed with more conciseness of ideas and expression, or with greater clearness in the demonstration of truths—so far, that is, as human knowledge has extended—than in M. Figuier's text. He appears to have concentrated within his pages the opinions and researches of all the most eminent European writers who preceded him, and to have grafted his own theories upon the arguments they have adduced, aided to a very considerable extent by personal study and observation. It is a wonderful history which the science of the last half century has by degrees revealed to us; developing a period when vegetation, the "natural ornament" of the earth, was comparatively unknown; when its "surface was an arid desert, a vast solitude, the abode of silence and death." And then the "earth brought forth grass, the herb yielding seed, and the fruit-tree yielding fruit after his kind."—provision for the huge monsters which inhabited it ere the Creator said, "Let us make man in our image." These are the materials of which M. Figuier's "World before the Deluge" is composed; the geology, the botany, and the animal creation

of a period stretching far back to a remote antiquity almost beyond any definite computation. The geological portion of the book in this second edition has been carefully revised, and much original matter added, by Mr. H. W. Bristow, F.R.S., of the Geological Survey of Great Britain. The illustrations to the volume consist of a large number of clever wood-cuts by M. Riou. These are valuable aids to the elucidation of the subjects discussed.

M. Figuier's "Vegetable World" follows aptly on the preceding work. It is a transference of the author's thoughts and researches from the comparatively invisible to the visible, from the clouds which enwrap the buried past to the light and beauty of the world around us. This botanical treatise—for it is simply such—is divided by the anonymous editor, whom we suppose to be also the translator, into the "Organography and Physiology of Plants," their "Classification," "Natural Families," and "Geographical Distribution" on the surface of the globe. The third section differs somewhat from the French work, the object of the editor being to give as complete a view of the vegetable kingdom as the space at his command would permit, and according to the system of classification generally adopted where the English language is spoken. In departing from the original arrangement, the subjects selected by M. Figuier have been carefully preserved; the editor adopting his ideas, and only enlarging them. The volume is embellished with nearly five hundred illustrations, chiefly drawn from nature by M. Faguet, botanical draughtsman employed by the Faculty of Sciences of Paris. We can commend both books to the consideration of all who take any interest in the matters to which they refer.

SHAKSPEARE'S SONNETS; never before Interpreted; his Private Friends identified; together with a recovered Likeness of himself. By GERALD MASEY. Published by LONGMAN & Co., London.

Such a book as this comes to us very rarely. It is the result of great industry—full of research, learning, and knowledge. But in that by no means consists its principal value; there is a depth of right, solemn, nay, holy feeling, in every page of it. There is scarcely an incident of the poet's inner life which the author has not sought to fathom, dispelling many of the clouds that have gathered about it for three centuries, and doing justice to a memory that time has consecrated in the hearts of millions. The sonnets of Shakspeare have been, until now, mysteries. We have high authority for believing that

"With this key Shakspeare unlocked his heart;"

but there were a thousand obstacles in the way of our comprehending them; it was, without another "key," impossible to take in the full meaning of his words—who and what he meant by strange allusions and confusing references to persons who only live in the history of their own times. Mr. Masey, animated by a kindred spirit, deeply and intensely loving his theme, has dug the diamonds from the mine; and more, he has polished them. We can now see clearly into the character of the "Immortal Bard," and gratefully thank the hand that has enabled us to do so.

A DICTIONARY OF PHOTOGRAPHY. Edited by THOMAS SUTTON, B.A., and GEORGE DAWSON, M.A. Illustrated with numerous Diagrams. Published by S. Low, Son, & Co., London.

The changes and improvements which have taken place in photography since the first appearance of this dictionary about nine years ago, have rendered a new edition imperative, especially as the old one has long been out of print. The object of the editors in their new publication has been, chiefly, to omit all in their former work which is irrelevant to the present condition and practice of the Art, and to substitute in its place whatever information is now needed. The book appears to us to be a complete manual for the photographer, containing all his art requires him to know.